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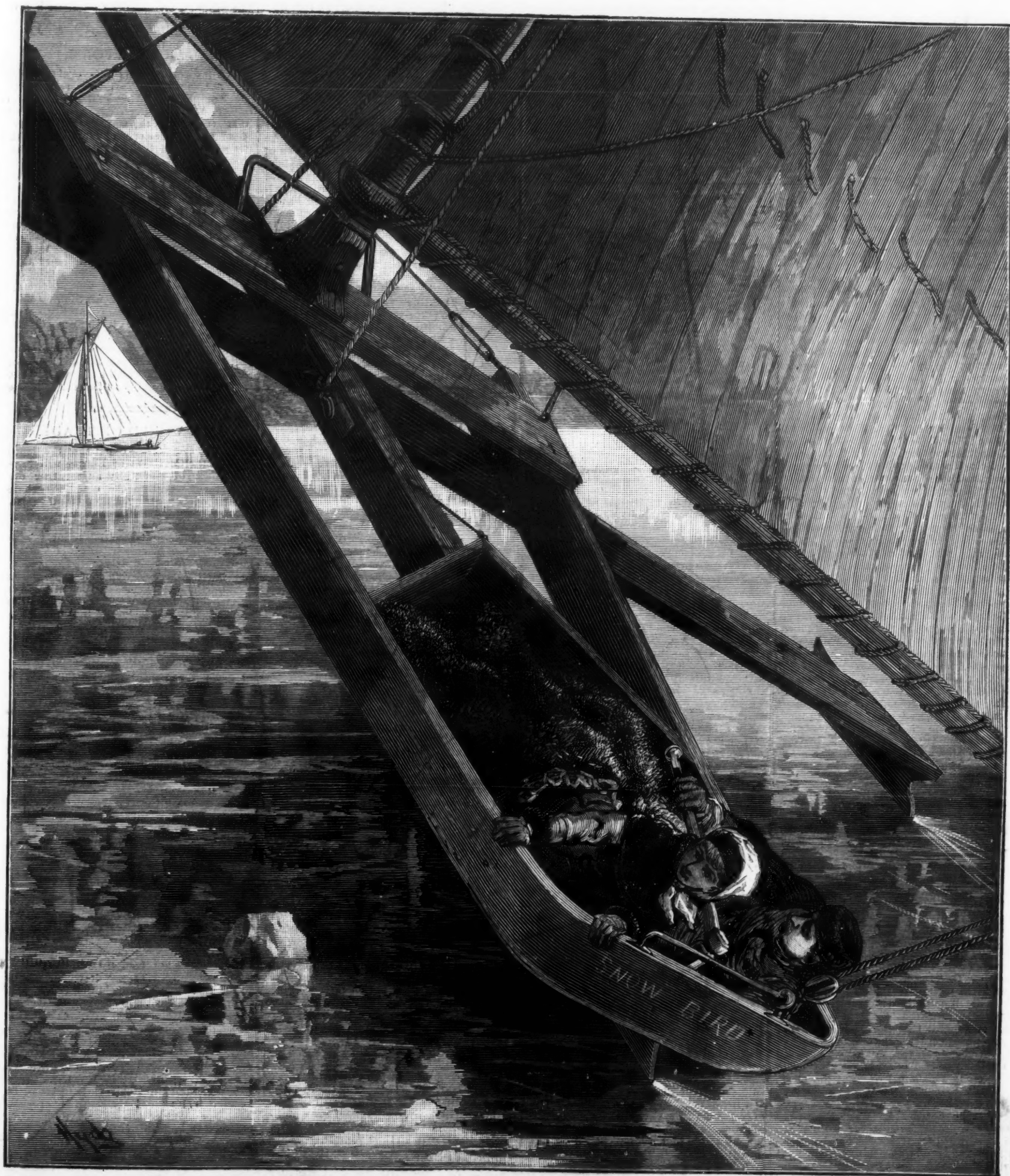


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WINTER AMUSEMENTS ON THE UPPER HUDSON—AN ICE-YACHT "HEELING OVER."—SEE PAGE 375.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
69, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 27, 1883.

NEW STORY BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

We beg to announce the forthcoming publication, in the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, of a new and powerful serial story from the picturesque and fascinating pen of Mr. Joaquin Miller, entitled—

"49":

THE GOLD-SEEKER OF THE SIERRAS,

This vigorous novel is a masterful and vivid picture of the wondrous days of 1849-50, when the thirst of gold was at fever-heat, and the eyes of the world were turned towards El Dorado. Few writers of the present day can approach Joaquin Miller in poetic description, while his knowledge of the gold regions serves to add the charm of realism to the glamour of romance. We anticipate for "49" a phenomenal success.

REPUDIATING STATES.

DURING political campaigns the party organs have a habit of erecting typographical pyramids made up of the names of States which have "wheeled into line" according to their respective ideas. These modest monuments are harmless enough in their way—so harmless, indeed, that under no stress of circumstances can they be tortured into more than the most mildly aggressive attitude to the fellows on the other side whose pile of victorious States is less imposing. There is another pyramid of States which no journalist, apparently, has had the inclination to construct—a pyramid of those black sheep in the fold of the Union who have branded themselves as repudiators. In this list must be catalogued Virginia, Tennessee, Minnesota, North Carolina and Mississippi.

It will be seen that this sort of rascality is not confined to either section of the country—neither the North nor the South is without sin in the matter. Nor can either party be held responsible for the outrages committed by individual States against common honesty, and so against the honor of the nation at large. If it is by Democratic votes that Tennessee repudiates \$23,000,000 of its indebtedness, and by Democratic votes that North Carolina and Mississippi persistently adhere to a policy of repudiation of their just obligations, it is the Republicans who commit the same sort of indefensible rascality in Minnesota, and Republican majorities—Mahonized by renegades from the Democratic ranks—which bring disgrace and disaster on the once proud "Mother of Presidents." In addition to the States mentioned as being enrolled on the black list, it is stated on good authority that steps are now being taken in this city to investigate the debts of Georgia and Alabama—which had generally been supposed to have been placed beyond any further dispute—and it is additionally hinted that some startling revelations will be made by the holders of what are popularly but improperly known as "securities."

The most flagrant as well as the latest among the offending commonwealths is Tennessee, which first voted to repudiate in toto its bonds amounting to \$23,000,000, then reconsidered this decision, and determined to be only partially as dishonest as it was possible to be; that is, that instead of repudiating 100 cents on the dollar, it would only repudiate 40 cents on the dollar. When the money to make the promised payment was called for it was not forthcoming, the State Treasurer, Mr. Polk, having used a large amount in speculation, and then hurried off to Mexico with the balance of the State funds—the entire deficit being about \$500,000. The papers speak of the Treasurer as a defaulter, but that definition scarcely fits this particular case. It was one thief stealing from another and greater one; as \$500,000 is to \$23,000,000, so is Polk's theft and guilt to the theft and guilt of the State of Tennessee. Perhaps he would have taken more if there had been more to take; but it must be said for the State of Tennessee, also, that there is nothing to show or suggest that the State would not have repudiated, "readjusted," Mahonized, \$100,000,000 as readily as \$23,000,000 if opportunity had offered. It may fairly be urged in Polk's behalf that his crime is but the logical result of a debased public sentiment. The stream cannot rise higher than its source. What honesty of sentiment or uprightness of action can we rightly expect from the citizens of a State which brands herself a thief? Says the Nashville Banner, bitterly: "State indebtedness and official dishonesty have blotted out our patriotism and dulled our sense of appreciating the noble and good,

Poor Tennessee! She has not only forgotten Jackson, Polk (the President), Johnson and Grundy, but has humiliated herself in the eyes of the world, and must passively bear the brunt of the jeers and insults of politicians and public journals." Of Treasurer Polk's crime, Congressman Moore, of Tennessee, truly says that "It is the fruit of the political teachings we have had for four or five years on the State debt question. The Democratic managers have taught the people to believe that they could steal the money due their creditors because they were Yankees. But this doctrine is affecting every man in the State who has any future. It affects every industry—our railroads, banks, manufactures, merchants and farmers."

If it be a crime for an individual to steal, how much greater the crime when an entire community combines in its commission? There can be no higher obligation on the part of a commonwealth than its inviolable promises to pay its just debts. It is an old theory of our Government that each State should have the right to "home rule," that its autonomy as a member of the Union should be sacred. The theory was a good one, and with some historical exceptions, which do not need to be pointed out to the present generation, has worked well in practice. The same idea, carried to its practical finality, has insured to each individual of each State the inalienable right to enjoy "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." When the citizen becomes a criminal, defies the law, and imperils the rights of others, he is deprived of his liberty to further transgress; when States defy the laws of God and man under the color of legal enactment, debauch their finances and brand their citizens as wholesale freebooters, who shall punish them? Public opinion of the majority of honest States will go a long way in the right direction, but not far enough. Other and more positive remedies must be provided. Who will devise a method by which repudiating States may be compelled to fulfill, just as individuals are obliged to fulfill, every financial obligation which they may have assumed? One step at least has already been taken in that direction—the proposed amendment to the National Constitution giving the creditors of a State the right to sue in the courts and obtain judgment for and collect the amounts due them in all cases in which a State may neglect or refuse to pay just and lawful debts. Such an amendment would place a State on substantially the same footing with regard to creditors as associations or corporations now are. Why should it not be adopted?

HOW TO GIVE WISELY.

IN the midst of a great city's squalid multitudes, under the touch of pinching cold, the question how to bestow charity wisely is one of the most serious problems that can beset the citizen. The difficulty of the problem has been increased by some sympathetic and sentimental writers who teach that promiscuous charity is, in itself, a great good instead of an evil, and that organized and systematic charity, through workhouses and other institutions, is a hard and cruel device. Even Charles Dickens, although himself careful to investigate all appeals made to him personally for aid, taught this mistaken doctrine in some of his most popular works. His error in this respect, however, was fairly compensated by the immense impulse which he gave to the spirit of benevolence among the English-speaking peoples; but some other authors cannot plead any such satisfactory offset.

The rich men and women of New York ask each other, "How can we give so as to be reasonably certain that our giving relieves want? Swindlers and 'dead beats' lie in wait for us everywhere; who will direct our charities?" William H. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Commodore Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Russell Sage, D. O. Mills, and all our millionaires, have long since ceased to respond to begging letters. Few of them ever read a begging letter through. "I have been so often imposed upon," said one, "that I don't open my mail at all now. If I did, I should respond favorably to some of the most reasonable and plausible appeals, and the most reasonable and plausible appeals are generally written by swindlers."

The method of the late Thurlow Weed furnished one of the worst examples of slapdash, haphazard, charity. He made a rule, and enforced it rigidly, that all who rang the door-bell should receive something of whatever they wanted—whether food, clothes or money. He knew that many of them were confirmed drunkards, and he often saw a beneficiary turn away with a package of food for his "poor wife and little ones" and fling it contemptuously over the first fence; but his warm heart never soured—he persisted in promiscuous charity to the last. "I will give to those who ask," he said, "and then, though some of it may go astray, my conscience will be clear." Such recklessness, when it becomes a habit, is demoralizing and mischievous, scarcely more beneficial than the downright

stinginess that refuses to give anything. Between the man who gives to everybody and the man who gives to nobody there is not much to choose.

What is needed in a great city like this is a central organization so far-reaching and comprehensive that all who appeal for aid may be referred to it, and street charities entirely dispensed with. This institution should be supported by taxation and voluntary endowment, and should be so much more thorough, searching and enthusiastic than the present Board of Charities, that the wayfarer may send the beggar there with the certainty that his case will be honestly investigated and his real wants supplied. It often requires much more self-denial and real generosity to say "No" to a street-beggar than to say "Yes," pay the trifling coin and go on, but the indolence from which promiscuous charity springs often inflicts a real harm. The French have a saying, "Charity makes as many beggars as it relieves."

The ideal method of giving is to hire a man, as some of our millionaires do, whose sole business it is to investigate every appeal for help, and to relieve it if the representations of the applicant are found to be truthful. But there are few who can take this trouble; most people must run the risk of being imposed on or not give at all. The only genuine relief, answering alike the needs of both donors and recipients, is the establishment of a compact Central Bureau of Charities, to which all applicants can be sent without hesitation.

THE FOLLY OF A BONAPARTE.

NO stronger evidence has been shown of the deterioration of the intellectual capacity of the surviving Bonapartes since the fall of the Empire than the silly manifesto of Prince Napoleon placarded on the walls of Paris. This nocturnal experiment, whatever the ultimate consequences may be to its author, is the dying political gasp of a man who has always been the most unpopular of the Bonapartes. Undoubtedly having Napoleonic blood in his veins (which has been denied to the late Emperor by unfriendly historians and biographers), because of the peculiar mental tendencies and personal ambitions of the Prince, irrespective of the wishes of other members of the dynasty, he has always failed to win the affections of his own race. While Napoleon was composing his text-book of government in writing the life of Cæsar, the Prince was clamoring for parliamentary government, a liberal constitution, and earning for himself the reputation as having a mania for manifestoes. His political life has been one of rebukes and keen humiliations from all factions of the Imperial party; for, from era to era, while posing as the advocate of liberal institutions before the event of Sedan, those of his own blood believed him to be a schemer of conscienceless methods, only awaiting a final catastrophe to the empire to try and re-enact the rôle of his cousin, Napoleon III., become President of the Republic, only to go to Notre Dame and proclaim himself Emperor. But now, at sixty-one years of age, he is found without a single prominent adherent of the Napoleonic tradition, and in a moment of national despair at the death of Gambetta, he throws a harmless firebrand into the political fray, only to expose the weakness of the enemies of the Republic.

The utter indifference with which the manifesto has been received by the populace, exciting the ridicule and contempt of all parties in France and Europe, must not be taken, however, as a sign that Bonapartism is entirely defunct. While the Orleans princes enjoy a deservedly high respect among the better elements of the French population, neither their own nor the Bourbon monarchy has any enthusiastic following save in isolated departments, subject to strong clerical influences. But a chief element of the Napoleonic strength, which upon some opportune occasion may prove a force of no ordinary magnitude, is the presence of Cardinal Bonaparte in the Vatican. It was the shrewdest political move ever made by the late Emperor to place this vigorous young prelate at the right hand of the Pope, and it was undoubtedly a part of his policy, as it was the dearest wish of the Emperor, that the Cardinal should be elevated to St. Peter's chair, thus wielding a temporal and spiritual influence in favor of the family not easily extinguished; for, after all, the great mass of the French peasantry, from which the army and navy are mainly recruited, are firmly attached to their religion, and dwell largely under clerical influence where the decrees and laws of a liberal government can be set aside. In this fact lies the greatest danger of the republic, because only 8,000,000 of the 38,000,000 Frenchmen now composing its constituency can read and write.

Were Germany or England so well on the road to an enduring republic as France, there would not be the slightest apprehension of any violent reaction in favor of monarchical or imperial methods. But France is a different soil upon which to build immutable civic institutions, and the most conservative and hopeful friends of

the Republic are well aware that the state is not yet safely moored beyond the dangers of dynastic intrigue. Statesmen and Academicians like Jules Simon and John Lemmoine are not at heart, as in purpose, reactionnaires, yet they plainly point to the possibility of coming crises. When they compare the formation of the American Union with their own experiment of the later days, they never weary of pointing out that the Americans had nothing to unlearn when establishing their republic, whereas, to make democracy in France triumphant, the people must needs revolutionize their tastes, religious tendencies and political proclivities, and come down from the glitter and pageantry of royalty to the plain and homely methods characteristic of a government of the people. How difficult this is to accomplish may be observed in the very slight change which the organism of the Government has undergone since France became a republic; and that which would be anomalous to us is taken as a matter of course across the sea.

Everything considered, while the hostile demonstration of Prince Napoleon is not likely to precipitate any immediate trouble, there can be no doubt that the Government has acted wisely in meeting it with firm and decisive measures.

TARIFF REFORM.

THE indications are not favorable to the passage of the Tariff Bill reported to the House by the Ways and Means Committee. While the Republicans have agreed in caucus to push the matter, neither party seems honestly desirous of reforming existing abuses, and the committee's Bill, besides, appears to have been so planned as to make any intelligible estimate of its effects altogether impossible, and is likely on this account to encounter opposition which it might otherwise command. By some it is estimated that the total reductions recommended will reach from \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000, while others insist that it will not effect a reduction of more than \$6,000,000,000. Even the Treasury experts have scarcely been able to determine the exact bearing of the Act upon certain interests. The probability seems to be that, with the inclination of Representatives to dodge or postpone the whole subject, and the determination of influential rings to fight the Bill to the bitter end, the movement which a little while ago promised so favorably will end in collapse and failure.

THE WORLD OF TRADE.

THERE seems little doubt that the floods on the Continent of Europe will have the effect of materially augmenting our exports of wheat to the countries where these disasters have been most prevalent. France has produced 286,000,000 bushels of wheat in a year, and Germany 106,000,000 bushels, but the estimated yield in the United States last year was 500,000,000 bushels. We have nearly 38,000,000 acres devoted to wheat in this country, while in France the acreage is only a little over 17,000,000 acres. In so far as prices are concerned it is considered that the effect of these disasters has been in a large degree forestalled, but it is noticeable that the export movement is daily increasing. The one great drawback is the scarcity of ocean tonnage; there is, it is said, a deficiency in the supply on the Atlantic seaboard of something like 200,000 tons compared with last year. This is a result of small crops in 1881 and reckless speculation.

The growth of our export trade in wheat within two decades has been enormous; the cereal which is supposed to have once been an unprofitable grass growing wild on the shores of the Mediterranean is annually becoming more and more important as one of the staple articles of food for the human family. Our wheat exports in 1862 approximated 50,000,000 bushels, and this was then considered something prodigious, but our exports of flour alone are now fully as large, and of wheat the foreign shipments within a few years have in a single season reached 147,000,000 bushels. No wonder that the London Times should acknowledge, as it did recently, that Great Britain has become dependent upon the United States for food as well as cotton. "The country," it says, "of which within recent memory we were childishly and vindictively jealous, now proves to be the country by which, to a great extent, we live."

New York's share in this prospective increase in the wheat exports is likely to prove considerably larger than might have been at one time predicted. A few years ago, for example, Montreal threatened to become a formidable rival, not only to New York, but to all the grain-exporting ports on the Atlantic seaboard; but the St. Lawrence route fell materially behind last year; the exports of grain from Montreal were 4,500,000 bushels less than in 1881, and that route now has only six per cent. of the Atlantic carrying trade from the West, against twenty per cent. as long ago as 1850.

The Montreal merchants now say that they cannot compete with the Americans unless the tolls on certain Canadian canals are abolished as an offset to the abolition of tolls on our Erie Canal.

Over-production and over-importations of some goods have had a bad effect on certain branches of trade, but the decreasing imports and a reduced production, which are now very noticeable features of the business situation, will soon, it is believed, remedy the evils mentioned. The uncertainty as to the action of Congress regarding the tariff is a more serious matter, and merchants are anxious that this great question should be disposed of at as early a date as possible, since trade, pending its settlement, must necessarily suffer through the impossibility of calculating the future cost of merchandise. This applies with perhaps peculiar force to woolen goods and some grades of cotton manufactures; but in all branches of trade that can possibly be affected by a revision of the tariff there is a feeling which might almost be termed suspense touching a subject naturally considered of such vital importance.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE losses of life and property by the terrible floods on the Continent increase in dimensions with fuller reports from the devastated districts. The total number of lives lost by the floods in the vicinity of Ludwigshafen, Bavaria, alone is estimated at 41. The German Foreign Office authoritatively announces that through the inundations last Autumn 20,000 houses, 130,000 persons and 60,000 hectares of land and property have suffered damage in Rhenish Prussia alone, and the damage by the December floods has been nearly as great. It is estimated that the losses by the floods in Germany will reach 80,000,000 marks. In many places the fugitives cannot return to their homes when the water subsides, as their houses are either destroyed or filled with ice, and epidemics are imminent in the towns where they have taken refuge, owing to overcrowding and privation.

Dublin has been again thrown into excitement by the arrest of over twenty persons on the charge of conspiracy to murder Government officials, among the number being a member of the municipality. Two of the accused are charged with complicity in the Phoenix Park assassination of last year, and the knives supposed to have been used in that tragedy have been found near the premises of the Dublin official who is in custody. Messrs. Davitt and Healy have been tried on the charge of making inflammatory speeches, and each made a strong plea in his own defense. The court has reserved its judgment. More agrarian murderers have been executed, but the authorities have hard work to protect Marwood, the professional hangman, from the mobs which greet his arrival wherever his services are required.

The manifesto of Prince Napoleon, some days ago, threw the French Government into a panic, in the first heat of which a measure was proposed to prohibit the presence in France or Algeria of any member of former French dynasties. A reaction, however, soon set in, and the Cabinet resolved instead to press a Bill authorizing the Government to take the proper measures in the event of the publication hereafter of the manifestoes of French pretenders. A Bill will also be submitted for summarily punishing the exhibition of religious emblems, the posting of placards, and the utterance of disloyal cries. The excitement over Plon-Plon's outbreak had scarcely subsided when the country was startled by the alleged discovery in the west of France of a Legitimist conspiracy called the "Catholic Alliance," forming a vast association directed by Baron de Charette. It is reported that over thirty legions of a thousand armed men each have been organized, that the conspirators have large amounts in the London banks, and that a rising is imminent. The reports are probably exaggerated.

The wretched Sultan has had a narrow escape from assassination, a plot of some Circassians to murder him having been divulged by a woman, but not until things had gone so far that a deadly encounter occurred between the conspirators and the Sultan's bodyguard. — The anarchists on trial at Lyons displayed throughout the utmost audacity, most of the accused persons having declared that they were ready to recommence operations if set free. Four of them were acquitted, and the others, about forty in number, were fined and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Prince Krapotkin, the leader, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. — A great landslide has occurred in the valley of Faverges, in Savoy, by which the village of Marais was completely destroyed, but happily the movement of the mountain was so gradual that the inhabitants were warned in time and were able to effect a hasty escape.

LABOR strikes in Pennsylvania have been so frequent and so disastrous in their effect upon the industries of the State that any movement looking to their prevention will be warmly welcomed by all who believe that it is to the interest of both labor and capital to avoid unnecessary collisions. One of the latest steps in this direction is the introduction of a Bill into the State Senate to authorize the creation, and to provide for the regulation, of voluntary tribunals to adjust disputes between employers and employed in the iron, steel and coal trades. There can be no doubt that the acceptance of the principle of arbitration as a method of settlement of disputes of this character would avert, in a great many cases, actual suspen-

sions of the industries in which strikes have hitherto been most frequent, and it would be well if every State would provide for tribunals like those proposed in Pennsylvania. Arbitration, however, can never wholly restrain the tyranny and greed of Capital or the prejudices of Labor, and for these some other cure must be devised. Just now the tendency of affairs — in the vast accumulation of capital and corporate franchises in a few hands — is all against the workingman and the more adequate protection of his rights; but there are signs which foretell the downfall of monopoly, and out of that catastrophe may come a readjustment of the relations of employer and employed upon a basis approximately if not absolutely just.

THE New York Legislature appears disposed to heed the popular demand for the preservation of the wonderful Adirondack region from the devastation which has seemed of late so imminent. The Senate has already passed a Bill prohibiting all further sales of State lands in the nine counties which embrace this great tract of virgin territory, and the Assembly is likely to concur, in which case the half million acres owned by the commonwealth will be protected from further vandalism by the lumberman's ax. It is pleasant to be able to commend a Legislature for so public-spirited an act, and it is perhaps not too much to hope that the same law-makers may be inspired to protect the still greater wonder of Niagara from the even worse spoliation now threatened by carrying through the admirable project for uniting with Canada in establishing an international park about this matchless waterfall.

THE recklessness which is so prominent a characteristic of the average American was, perhaps, never more strikingly exemplified than in connection with the recent terrible fire in Milwaukee. The hotel which was burned had for many years been notoriously unsafe, intelligent citizens regarding it as a death-trap of the worst sort. Moreover, several fires had occurred in different parts of the building during the last two or three years, some of which were so plainly of incendiary origin as to leave little doubt that some wretch was bent upon its destruction. Yet, in the face of these facts, a number of well-to-do people made this hotel their home, and the editor of one of the leading papers occupied rooms above the ground floor, although suffering from the infirmities of age. It sometimes looks as though the true American could not really enjoy life without running the most reckless and unnecessary risks of death.

THE growth of manufacturing in South Carolina is remarkable. A recent report shows that there are twenty-seven cotton mills now in operation or nearing completion, which have an aggregate capital of \$4,547,000, give employment to 4,262 hands, to whom they pay \$728,900 in wages annually, and consume 29,946,269 pounds of cotton a year. The number and capacity of the mills almost doubled between 1880 and 1882, and nine more mills were chartered at the recent session of the Legislature, which is not surprising in view of the fact that the net profits of those in operation last year ranged from ten to twenty per cent., averaging about twelve per cent. The Legislature has wisely exempted all manufacturing companies from taxation for a period of ten years, and Northern capital finds few better fields for investment than the one now offered by the State in which, only a few years ago, secession first flamed into open revolt.

THE immensity of the liquor traffic in Great Britain is illustrated by the fact that the total revenue of the country from drink-taxes during the last financial year amounted to no less than £31,038,000, which was almost 44 per cent. of the entire income from taxes of every sort. Temperance advocates, however, are encouraged by the announcement that this great source of income appears now to be stationary, if not indeed actually diminishing, which, in face of the growth of population, must argue a decrease in the prevalence of drinking. The Chancellor of the Exchequer views this drift of things with complacency, as must every well-wisher of the race, but if the revenue from excise taxes should steadily decrease, some future head of the Treasury will find a serious problem confronting him. However, it needs no argument to prove that a sober nation will be better able to raise from other sources the revenue now derived from taxes on liquor than the England of to-day to pay its running expenses so largely by the contributions of drunkards.

A BILL recently introduced in the Senate provides for the appointment, by the President, of seven commissioners whose duty it shall be to consider and investigate the subject of railroad transportation in its relation to the agricultural, commercial and industrial interests of the United States. The commissioners are to inquire generally into the conditions affecting commerce among the States, the grounds of complaint existing against the railroad corporations, resulting from unjust discriminations, exorbitant or unequal rates, insufficient facilities for traffic, or unlawful combination, and in what manner existing evils can be remedied by legislation, and to report their recommendations and the results of their inquiry to Congress. Such an inquiry, if honestly and thoroughly made, would accumulate a large amount of useful information, but whether Congress would be any more disposed, with all the facts as to railroad extortion officially placed before it, to act for the protection of the public interests, may, perhaps, be doubted. The facts, in a general way, at least, are already clearly established. What is wanted is a sufficient degree of inde-

pendence in Congress to resist the blandishments of corporation influence and act as to this whole question with sole reference to the rights and interests of the people.

A LARGE meeting of colored men from various parts of North Carolina is reported to have been held in Wilmington last week for the purpose of inaugurating the first railroad enterprise ever started exclusively by men of that race. The projected road is to run from Wilmington into the eastern counties of North Carolina, and several thousand dollars were subscribed at the meeting towards the enterprise, which the dispatches report as very likely to be carried through. The idea of organizing business enterprises on the color line is rather novel, especially when the initiative is taken by the negro, and it is open to question whether such a restriction is wise. But a movement of this character is certainly most encouraging as an indication of the rapid progress which the colored race is making in material prosperity. There is abundant ground for hope regarding the future of a people who are contemplating the building of railroads with their own money within less than twenty years after the date of their emancipation.

THE inaugural address of the new Governor of Pennsylvania is a vigorous deliverance, which shows that he fully comprehends the popular demand for reform that led to his election over the candidate of the long dominant rings and bosses. Its most salient feature is the emphasis laid upon the necessity for legislation that shall compel the great corporations of that corporation-ridden State to obey the law, which, as Governor Pattison correctly puts it, "they have violated constantly, defiantly and flagrantly." It is encouraging to find the Executive of a great commonwealth betraying so clear a perception of the new governmental problem presented by the vast and growing power of corporations and monopolies. The only drawback to public confidence regarding the young Governor's administration is the fact that he has chosen as his chief adviser, in the office of Attorney-general, on the score of personal friendship, a lawyer who has achieved an unsavory reputation as the agent and tool of almost every great monopoly in Pennsylvania.

EVEN if the traditional January thaw should yet bring a heavy rainfall, the Winter of 1882-3 will long be memorable throughout northern New England, and in some parts of the Middle States, for an almost unprecedented drought. The rainfall in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont during 1882 was barely half the average, and the result is seen in rivers lower than ever before known, brooks and springs previously considered unfailing drying up, and not only serious inconvenience to thousands of people, but loss of work and consequent suffering to thousands more. Large mills in many manufacturing places have been compelled to suspend operations entirely or run only on half-time for lack of the water-power upon which they have always depended, and in the City of Manchester, N. H., alone, 2,000 operatives have been thrown out of employment in the dead of Winter. The situation in some districts is really alarming, and the worst feature of it is that heavy rains, such as would be required to break the drought, seldom fall in that latitude at this season of the year.

THE profession — or science, whatever it may be called — of architecture has not made a creditable record in recent years. A great number of large public buildings have been erected in various parts of the United States since the close of the War, but scarcely a single one has been completed before radical defects of construction were discovered. Misery loves company, and after having been long condoled with by England for the blunders of our architects, it is some small consolation to find that the Mother Country is really no better off in this respect than ourselves. Elaborate plans were prepared for the new Law Courts in London, and immense sums have been spent upon their construction, yet they are but just opened when it appears that the chambers are so dark and ill-arranged that judicial business can scarcely be prosecuted at all, and great alterations must be made or the vast pile will prove useless. It does seem as though it ought to be possible to erect a great public building honestly and well, but neither America nor England appears yet to have learned how to do it.

THE Signal Service is again under fire. Several anonymous circulars have been issued attacking its administration and methods, and demanding the transfer of the Weather Bureau to the Interior Department, in order that "frauds and irregularities" may be uncovered, etc. It will strike the average observer that if there are "frauds and irregularities" in the management of this service, they can be discovered without transferring it to a department with which it has nothing whatever in common. We suspect that the charges now made against General Hazen have no better foundation than those which were made years ago against General Myer by subordinates whom he had discharged for drunkenness and other offenses, and possibly, if the truth were known, it would be found that the present assailants are moved by grudges of the same unworthy sort. Subordination and the maintenance of discipline are absolutely essential to the efficiency of the Signal Service in all its branches, and in nine cases out of ten the employees who so violently denounce its administration are either persons who resent the enforcement of necessary regulations or have been deservedly punished for neglect of duty or downright infractions of rightful discipline.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE President has signed the Civil Service Reform Bill.

THE total number of immigrants arriving in this country last year was 712,542.

It is stated that there will be forty contested seats in the Forty-eighth Congress.

THE Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise reached Charleston, S. C., last week. The Princess goes thence to Bermuda.

A MOVEMENT looking towards the extensive cultivation of jute in Mississippi has been started by prominent men in various parts of the State.

THE Quincy House, at Quincy, Ill., was burned early in the morning of January 19th; while many guests were still asleep, but all escaped with their lives.

THE House Committee on Foreign Affairs recommend a modification of the treaty with the Hawaiian Islands. Secretary Folger opposed its abrogation.

THE Navy Appropriation Bill as reported to the House recommends a total appropriation of the sum of \$15,209,100. The appropriation for 1883 was \$14,830,623.

ALL the navy-yards will be closed on the 31st of March, except those at New York, Norfolk, Washington and Mare Island, owing to a deficiency of appropriations for their maintenance.

A BILL has been introduced in the Pennsylvania Legislature making it a misdemeanor for the Governor, Lieutenant governor, and members of the Legislature to accept passes from railroad companies.

THE "Gas Trust Ring" in Philadelphia has been broken by the Reform Councils, and the books and records so long withheld will be shown to the public, when startling disclosures are expected.

THE Russian Government has authorized the removal of the remains of De Long and his comrades from their tomb in the Lena Delta, and Secretary Chandler has given orders for their transportation to this country by way of Irkutsk.

It is reported that a gift of \$250,000 has been made by the citizens of Cambridge, Mass., to Harvard College, to be disposed of in the erection of new dormitories, in which the rent of each room shall not exceed \$50 a year.

THE explosion of the boiler on the steamer *Josephine* in Port Susan Bay, Washington Territory, last week, killed eight persons; and an explosion of an engine at Mansfield, La., killed three men outright and seriously injured several others.

THE Senate has stricken from the Post Office Bill the provision for compensation to the Pacific railroads for carrying the mails, but has added an appropriation for the fast mail service. The House declined to appropriate anything for that purpose.

On the 20th instant a train on the Southern Pacific Railway was pitched down an embankment near Tehichipa, about 350 miles from San Francisco, and the cars taking fire, twenty-one persons were burned in the wreck and ten or twelve were badly injured.

THE prohibitory amendment to the Iowa Constitution, adopted by the popular vote last June, has been declared invalid by the Supreme Court of the State. The question cannot again be submitted for three years, and has to pass two successive Legislatures.

THE Tennessee Legislature has passed a Bill repealing the recent settlement of the State debt at sixty cents on the dollar and six per cent interest, under which \$14,000,000 of bonds are funded, and also an Act levying a tax to pay interest on the State debt.

A BILL has been introduced in the Connecticut Legislature to compel hotel-keepers to provide ropes in rooms for escape from fires. In New York city the Superintendent of Buildings has ordered the proprietors of several hotels to put up additional fire escapes.

MRS. CATHARINE A. PETTINGILL, who died at Bridgeport, Conn., last week, left an estate of \$200,000, of which a block valued at \$75,000 is given for a public library building, \$35,000 for a memorial chapel, and \$13,000 more in bequests to charitable institutions.

TERRIFIC snow-storms prevailed in Minnesota and Iowa last week, blocking the railroads, and on some lines causing an entire suspension of travel. On the 19th instant the temperature throughout Dakota and the States named varied from 15 degrees to 30 degrees below zero.

TELEGRAPHIC messages can now be sent from London to Lima, Peru, by way of this country and Mexico, in one hour. Messages were formerly sent from London to Portugal and forwarded to Lima by way of Pernambuco, Rio, Montevideo and Valparaíso, and there was often a delay of two or three days by reason of the line crossing the Andes.

THE Republican National Committee has voted to retain the old system of representation in National Conventions — that is, two delegates for each Senator, two delegates for each Representative in Congress, two delegates for each Territory and two delegates for the District of Columbia. The Republicans of each district may elect the rowa delegates.

UNITED STATES SENATORS RANSOM, of North Carolina; Harris, of Tennessee; Garland, of Arkansas; Frye, of Maine; Salisbury, of Delaware; Plumb, of Kansas; and Hoar, of Massachusetts, have been re-elected. In West Virginia, Representative John E. Keena has been elected to succeed Davis. In Michigan, Minnesota, Colorado and Nebraska no choice has yet been effected.

Foreign.

A FIGHT has occurred between 500 Egyptian troops and the forces of the False Prophet, and 240 of the former were killed.

THE Pope has sent a letter to the Irish bishops advising them to adopt a conciliatory attitude towards the British Government.

AN explosion in a gunpowder manufactory at Muiden, Holland, last week, killed twelve workmen, and did great damage to property.

CANON WILKINSON has been appointed to the Bishopric of Truro, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the appointment of Bishop Benson to the Archbishopric of Canterbury.

THE Hamburg-American steamship *Cimbria*, while on her way from Hamburg to Havre, was sunk in the German Ocean in a collision with the British steamship *Sultan* on the 19th instant, with a total loss of over 300 lives.

THE whole North of Ireland is in a most wretched condition, owing to the complete destruction of the grain crops in September by a terrible tornado, and the rotting of the early potato crop caused by constant rain.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 375.



CONSTANTINE ARSKOFF.



MICHAEL KATKOFF.

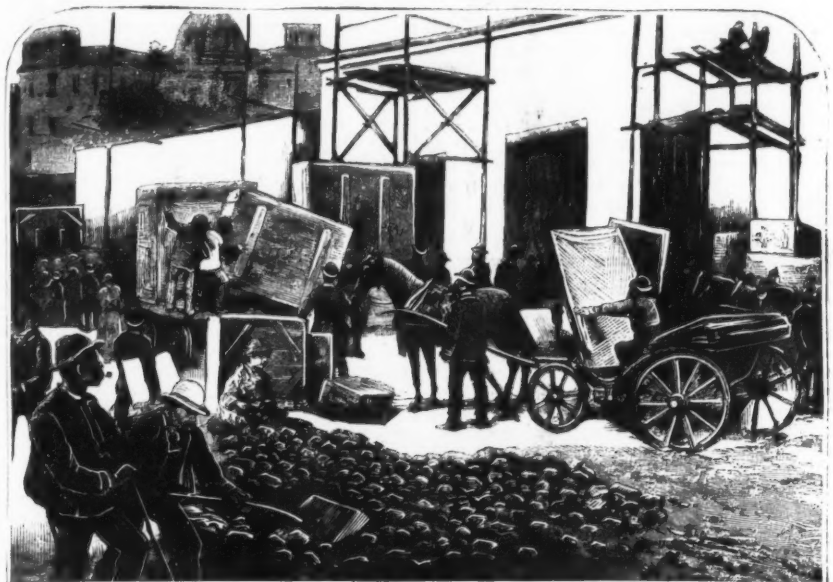


IVAN ARSKOFF.

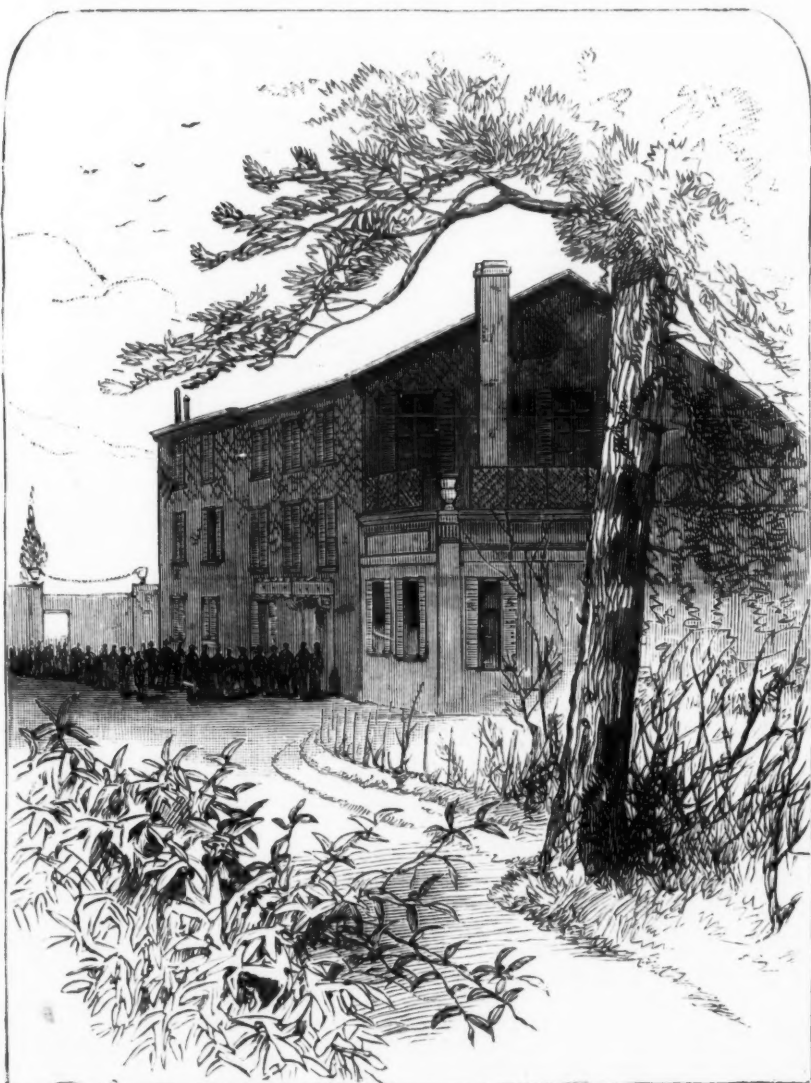
RUSSIA.—THE MOSCOW LEADERS OF THE PANSLAVIST PARTY.



FRANCE.—THE DEATH-CHAMBER OF GAMBETTA AT VILLE-D'AVRAY.



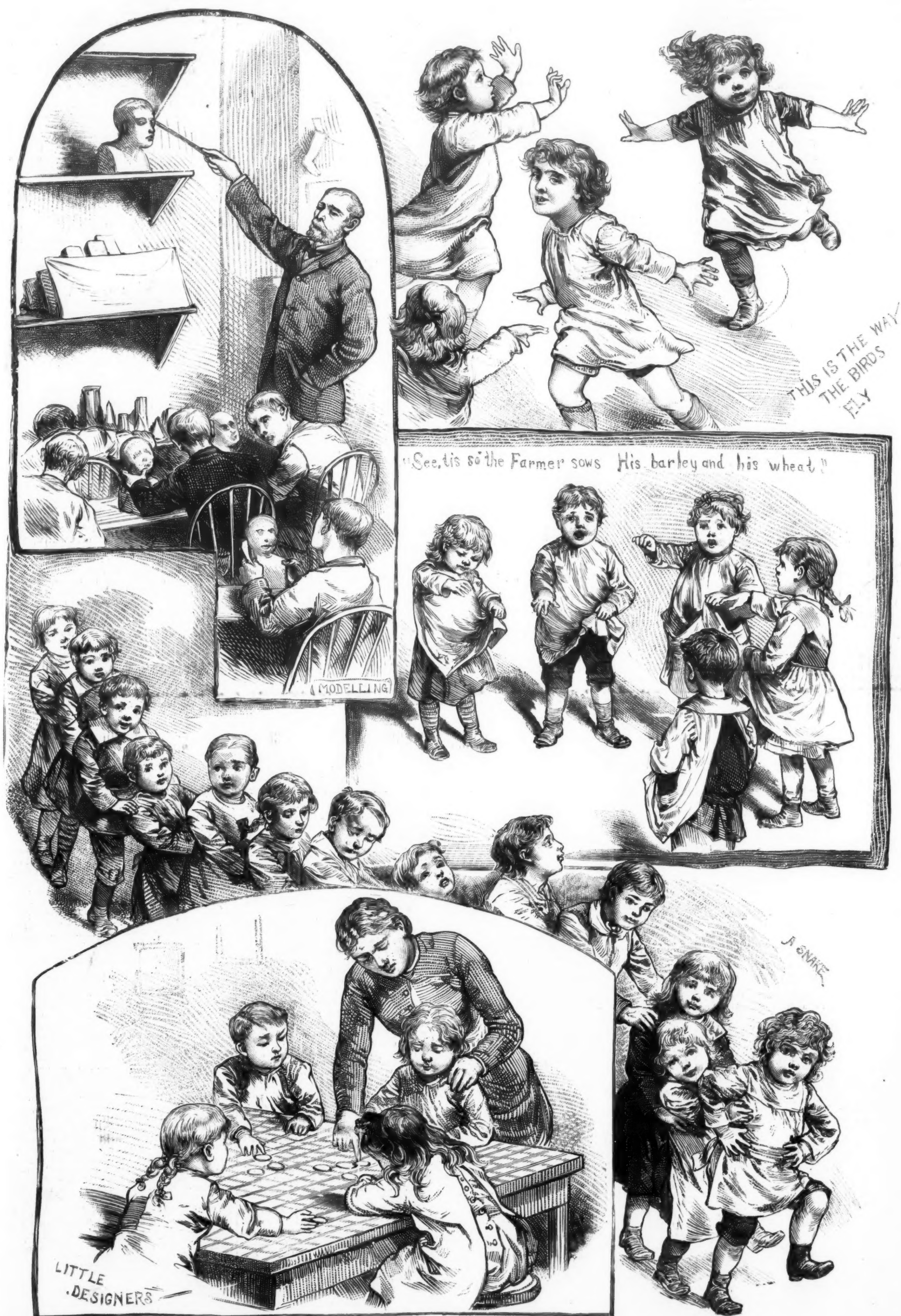
ITALY.—THE INTERNATIONAL FINE ARTS EXPOSITION AT ROME—THE LAST DAY FOR THE RECEPTION OF EXHIBITS.



FRANCE.—THE HOUSE AT VILLE-D'AVRAY WHERE GAMBETTA DIED.



FRANCE.—MUNICIPAL ARBORISTS PRUNING THE TREES ON THE PARIS BOULEVARDS.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE SCHOOL OF TRADES FOR WORKINGMEN'S CHILDREN, ESTABLISHED BY PROF. FELIX ADLER, AT FORTY-FIFTH STREET AND BROADWAY.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 374.

IN EVERY SEA.

IN every sea there somewhere lies an unknown tale,
Delicious with the sweetness of its air and clad
In dewy umbrage; fruited deep each dusk delfie,
And fairy rings make all the fragrant meadow glad.

And so there is no bark upon life's tide, I ween,
That, in the beckoning sometime, may not anchor
And,
Flower'd shores and leaning groves of palm between,
While silvery fountains murmur on the wind.

THE SON OF A KING.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

SOMETIMES she was positively handsome, and sometimes very plain—can you understand it? I never could.

I had known Miss Minty Roberts from my childhood. She wrote poetry, and cultivated pinks. Ah! that was a lovely garden of hers, just opposite the barracks, and where could be seen glimpses of the blue river. How often have I sat on the rose-embowered porch and listened to the band, headed by their handsome and accomplished leader, John Brigson. To look at him alone was of itself a pleasure. Tall, straight, swarthy, with flashing black eyes, straight eyebrows, and red, sensitive lips under the thin mustache, and a hand as taper and delicate in shape as that of any lady, he was always the cynosure of every eye.

Did the old captain know his secret? Did Minty? No one else could, for the band-leader seldom spoke to any one.

Miss Minty had a great many Indian relics. She was ten years my senior, and seemed old to me. The captain was in the regular army and a martinet still, though retired from active service.

Miss Roberts was generally called plain by the people of Wallburg. They did not see her when her eye flashed as she spoke of her life on the frontier, nor the lovely rows of ivory-white teeth when she smiled over some pleasant recollection. She always dressed in blue—blue wraps, blue dinner-dresses, blue of a darker shade for the street—and she was a splendid horsewoman. She taught me how to ride, and often together we went off far beyond the pretty town miles and miles away, dashing over field and moor, through the valleys, over the hills, till we both came home with blooming cheeks and such appetites!

The old captain was very quiet, though military in all his ways and thoughts, and for ever poring over old musty books. He used to walk about the little front yard with an unconcealed delight in his proprietorship of the pretty cottage and grounds that was almost ludicrous. In one hand he carried a cane, and his left arm was propped by a crutch. Everybody honored him because he had done his country good service, and the old man liked to fight his battles over again with whoever could be found to listen.

Once when I was there old Josiah Pegford, who prided himself on being one of the "melishy," made a rash speech.

"Them red Injuns is the despicablest things in all creation!" he said, his narrow brows contracted into countless wrinkles. "I sh'd think your father'd despise 'em."

"My father never despised the Indians," said Miss Roberts, kindling in a flash, her cheeks as red as roses; "he is too just for that. He always prevented bloodshed whenever it was possible. The Indians would do well enough if they were let alone. I would trust them quicker than I would a good many white people. I've known Indian women do braver things than you would believe, maybe. People hate them without reason. I've lived among them, and I ought to know. My father had Indian friends as noble as any white man could be."

"Law sakes! you du take up for 'em, don't ye?" said Josiah, looking at her admiringly. "Wall, now, they do say Brigson, over har, the leader of the bands, got Injun blood in him. I s'pose that's what makes him such a favorite of the ladies."

I happened to be looking at the captain's daughter, and saw a slow red flush creep all over her face and up to the very roots of her fair hair.

"I have not the acquaintance of the band-leader," she said, in a high, grand voice, turning away.

"Course not; cap'n's daughter couldn't associate with sich," said the old man, in his grave fashion. "But I du declare for his singing in church kinder sends the cold shivers over me, and they du say some operatic chap has offered him—well a sort of little fortin if he will go with him and sing in opprey."

Again I was looking at Miss Roberts, and I saw her turn as pale as death.

"Of course we can't expect to keep him here, for he's a man of uncommon parts. Kind o' queer why he ever come here, too, in a small garrison town like this."

"How people do hate the poor Indians!" said Miss Roberts, with sparkling eyes, after her visitor had gone.

"You have lived among them, have you not?" I asked, determined, with the audacity of a girl of eighteen, to get at her story—if story she had any to tell.

"I was born in Indian Territory," she made reply. "and my nurse was an Indian woman."

"How strange!" I said.

"Because Indians seem such myths to me. I never saw one, unless Mr. Brigson should happen to be one. I never thought of it before, but don't you see he does look just a little like an Indian?"

"How can you tell, child, if you never saw one?" she asked, looking up, with a queer little smile.

"I have seen pictures in Indian collections,

and know that they are very dark, with very bright black eyes; still I consider Mr. Brigson altogether too handsome for an Indian."

"I never see him," she said, in a dry voice. "But did you never see him?" I asked.

"I suppose I may have when the band has been out," she said, carelessly, but I noticed that same slow crimson creeping up her cheek. "Oh, dear Miss Roberts, please tell me something!" I asked.

She looked up with wide-opened eyes. I thought she seemed startled.

"What do you mean? Tell you something about what—who?" she said.

"Oh, about yourself," I said, trembling at my own boldness. "Haven't you had some little romantic episode in your life among the Indians? I have always felt a secret sympathy for them, and you have been among them so much."

"I never like to tell of myself," she said, turning her attention to some pretty fancy-work she had in hand, "for sometimes you must tell things that look like boasting, and one don't like to be conspicuous, even to one's self; but then again—and she smiled a little sadly—"I sometimes think I should be happier if I could talk over the old times, even if there were some heartache in them."

She placed her work aside, and rose as she said:

"I have something I wish to show you first." She went to an old fashioned cabinet, and from one of its nooks drew a small package, which she unwrapped, handing me a picture framed simply in four strips of Indian bark.

"Whose would you take that to be?" she asked.

"Why, yours, of course—and it is very good—only the dress is—so much—"

"Younger," she said, smiling. "Yes, I was only sixteen when that was taken—twelve years ago."

"But your face has not grown a minute older," I said, bluntly.

"You think so, perhaps, but I know better. I am no beauty, and flatter myself I know just how I look, and, certainly, my face is not as fair, my eyes as blue, or my cheeks as red as they were then. Still, plain as I was, I was always a favorite with the Indians. More than one brave, more than one chief, has offered my father horses and wampum and land in exchange for me, even when I was scarcely more than a child—and when I grew older I was never allowed to go anywhere unattended. The picture you hold in your hand was painted by an Indian."

"How strange!" I said, with a secret admiration of the delicate work.

"Why, strange?" she said. "There is a great deal of talent, even genius, among them, if it could only be cultivated. They are much like other people; poverty and ignorance keep them down."

Then she plunged into the story:

"When I was a child there was a rumor rife that some Indians of Mad River had murdered one of the agents under peculiarly aggravated circumstances. Nobody could prove it for a certainty, though it was probably true. One night several white men belonging to the post surprised a small camp of that tribe, and not only tortured, but murdered them, with their chief. Just then some soldiers rode up, headed by my father. The murderers then had the chief's son, a lad of only ten years, under torture. My father not only expostulated, but arrested the ringleaders—there were five of them—and, speaking kindly to the boy, who had thrown himself upon the old chief's body, he did everything that could be done under the circumstances, and sent him to his tribe under guard. Meantime, the men who had practiced such needless cruelty were tried and punished, but eventually set at liberty. One year from that day, not one of those guilty men was living, save a sutler who had taken almost superhuman precautions to keep out of harm's way. One by one they had been singled out, some at their hearthstones, some on their routes of business—one after the other as they took precedence by age—till only Gregory, the storekeeper, was left."

"One day I heard a great hue and cry. My father had sent me to one of the lieutenant's quarters on some simple errand. I was a well-grown girl of twelve, and tall for my age. Looking up, I saw a cloud of dust in the distance, and heard pistol shots in quick succession. I ran back to my father's quarters, but before I reached them I saw an Indian lad covered with blood and flying before a small army of pursuers. His strength was evidently failing, for he ran unsteadily, and in another moment had fled into the quarters where we lived. My first impulse was to shield him, and I tried first to lead, then to drag, him into the house, but the effort was unavailing. He was too weak to move and his pursuers were upon him, apparently thirsting for his blood, and crying out, 'Shoot the Indian devil!'

"Finally—it was all I could do—I stood my ground and covered the boy as well as I was able. They dared not fire for fear of wounding me, and presently my father came out, dispersed the crowd, and had the boy carried indoors, where the surgeon attended to his wounds."

"Did he die?" I asked, as she paused, looking into vacancy.

"No, he lived; though the only man who had been spared, as yet, of all who belonged to that murderous band, thirsted for his blood. Singularly enough, however, the very next he was thrown from his horse and killed."

"Is it possible," I said, "that this boy had avenged with his single hand the murder of his people?"

"No; but he had tracked them out, and followed them—so he confessed to my father—and delivered them over to justice. To my father he was most grateful, for he remembered how he had saved his life, and an Indian is as grateful for favors as he is revengeful for injuries. For a long time after his capture he was an

invalid; but, as he begged of my father to keep him, he lived with us six years and became quite civilized. It was only when in the saddle he reminded one of a savage. He subdued every horse he mounted, no matter how unmanageable with others."

"And what did he look like?" I ventured to ask.

"A very handsome young man, with flashing black eyes and a lithe slender figure. I have never seen a handsomer man."

"Ah, Miss Minty! I know how it ended, or ought to have," I said.

"You couldn't dream how it ended," she said, simply.

"And he became a painter?"

"No, I don't think he did, though he had much talent. An old sergeant took a great fancy to him, and taught him to read and write, particularly to play the piccolo. The painting came quite naturally. I have some sketches that you shall see some time. I never have shown them to anybody but my father."

"That's not the end," I said, emboldened by her kindness.

"No, that's not the end."

"And you!—he must have felt that you were the preserver of his life."

"Yes, of course he did. I saved his life," she replied, simply.

"And then—but that's a shocking thought—he wanted to dedicate that life to you."

"Why a shocking thought?" said Miss Roberts, mildly, but her eyes almost flashed. "I tell you he was noble in every respect, and as delicate as the most refined gentleman. When my father forbade him even to speak to me, he obeyed him; but from that hour he rarely spoke to any one—till—"

"Oh, Miss Minty! did he die?" I asked, anticipating her speech.

"Yes—to me—he did," she said, slowly, looking like one just come out from dream-land. "That was years ago."

"And have you never seen him since?"

"Don't question me, child," she said, with gentle decision; neither did I have further opportunity, for at that moment her father came in.

The old churchwardens were electrified, a few weeks after, at the news that they were going to lose their tenor, and the band its leader. I had never taken much interest in John Brigson, simply because he was a quiet man who rarely lifted his handsome eyes, except when spoken to, and who seemed never to care for anybody but himself, never going into society, unless in a professional capacity. Everybody who looked at him admired him, and his wonderful singing voice brought crowds to our little church, for the way he sang was something marvelous. Now we were going to lose him—for rumor said he was offered a small fortune yearly—he suddenly gained in importance.

I generally contrived to meet Miss Roberts on my way to church, so on a particular Sunday I said to her:

"I suppose you have heard the news?"

"What news?" she asked, eyeing me keenly.

"We are to lose the leader of the band. When shall we get such another tenor?"

"Never," she said, quietly.

"What! Brigson going away? I never heard it," said the captain, coming to a stop.

"That won't do, daughter," turning to her.

"I suppose Mr. Brigson has a perfect right to go where he pleases," said Miss Roberts, as the old captain stamped on.

"Well, well," muttered the old man, "I ought to die."

"Father!" cried Miss Roberts, appealingly, and her lip quivered as she spoke. She went a little faster, and caught up with him and laid her hand on his arm.

"How long is this going to last?" I heard him mutter.

"It is coming to an end, father," she said, quietly. "And you know it is better so."

"Maybe, maybe, but I don't know—I don't know. He's as stubborn as a mule," was the captain's next comment. In response she said something I could not hear.

That day it happened that I gave up my seat to a stranger, and took another where I faced Miss Roberts. I remember exactly how she was dressed—old-gold ribbons tied under her chin, a navy blue dress, light gloves and a fan that she had painted herself. She always looked pretty to me, with her hat on. I watched her through the service, and particularly when Mr. Brigson sang. It seemed to me that she was growing pale, as if some strange gray shadow was settling down upon her face, and just as the tenor sang, in his wondrously clear tones, "O Lord, have mercy upon us—have mercy upon us!" what I almost unconsciously dreaded came to pass, Miss Roberts sank back against her father's shoulder. She had fainted.

Of course there was confusion, stir and wonder. I found myself at the door as they carried her out, and I could hear the solemn tones of the rector and the choir singing again. They brought her down the steps and carried her into the rectory, where, after a long time, she came out of her swoon.

"What do you suppose made me faint?" were her first words when she came to consciousness. "I never fainted before in all my life."

The old captain was standing before her, his grim features working as he looked down upon her. It was evident that he was very much frightened, for his only child was his idol.

"Never mind, father, it's all right," she said, rising feebly and throwing her arms about his neck.

"No, it ain't," he muttered, half savagely; "it's all wrong."

"I don't think I've been well for some time," she added; "but I am sorry I made a scene in church."

"How could you help it, dear?" I ventured to say.

"Certainly she couldn't help it," said the old captain, gruffly.

The next day I called and learned that the captain was sick.

"He took to his bed last night," said the stout maid, as she stood at the door, "and he'll never get up."

"Tell her to come in," said a voice, and there was Miss Roberts in the hall, as pale as ashes.

"He is asleep now," she half whispered, leading me into the parlor, where the old captain lay in a reclining-chair, which was the only bed he ever used. A screen stood in front of him, and Miss Roberts and I sat by the window, talking.

"It was the fright on Sunday," she said, looking sadly out. "I never knew him to be ill before. Oh, what shall I do if—?" Her white lips trembled, then she sprang to her feet, for the old man called her.

"Daughter, it is all right," he said, in a soft, slow voice.

"Oh, father!" she half sobbed.

"Yes—yes, it has been a false, wicked pride. I had nearly sacrificed you—but now—"

"Father! I am not sorry. I am strong," she said, kneeling by the side of his chair.

"I know—I know," he muttered, "but I see things in a different light. I might have made you happier; it was a foolish prejudice. Nay, don't cry: a dying man must have his way. Send for him—send for him!" he added, more emphatically.

Miss Roberts turned to me.

"Will you go to the barracks for me?" she asked—"only to the green door. Take this card." She wrote a single sentence.

I followed her directions. The leader himself came to the door in his uniform. He looked imposingly handsome, and as he read the card, he lifted his cap and turned hastily away.

"Say, if you please, that I will be there immediately," he said, and I returned with my message.

"Don't go," said Miss Roberts, holding my hand; "papa hasn't spoken since. Don't leave me alone."

Of course, I would not leave her. In five minutes a step sounded on the gravel walk. As the man entered the old captain came out of his lethargy.

"John, my son!" he said.

The man came forward and bent above him. "Have I not obeyed you?" he asked. "I said I would never speak to her without your permission."

"But you have taken good care to follow us up pretty well," said the old man, with a feeble laugh.

"I acknowledge it, sir; you put no other restraint upon me but that one of speaking."

"You have been true to her for twelve years, John; you will be true to her for life."

"I will!" And the words had all the solemnity of an oath.

"Take her, then, with an old man's blessing. You are a good boy, John—a good boy," and his voice grew drowsy.

Then I saw Miss Roberts's face kindle into positive beauty. In that exalted moment she looked to me almost like an angel, so much of the good, true heart shone in her eyes.

This man—the band-leader, was the hero of her story—the son of the butchered chief. He had loved her all this time patiently, silently, speaking to her spirit only with his ringing, wonderful notes. From outpost to outpost, from city to city, from station to station, he had followed, content only to breathe the same atmosphere, to worship at a distance—to wait.

"It seemed to me," Miss Roberts told me afterwards, that at that his patience was worn out, and I felt that Sunday that I was listening to him for the last time. But the story of the operatic star was a ruse—he never contemplated wedding while my father lived."

The wedding was a nine-days' wonder. The blue blood of the army was shocked until the band-leader was offered a commission, through the influence of friends, which at first he refused, but eventually accepted. Somebody said that somebody else had said they heard him say, that the son of a king was good enough for anybody. I should not wonder.

The old captain did not die. No one at the marriage feast was happier than he; and John Brigson worships his wife.

THE SCHOOL OF TRADES FOR CHILDREN.

THE practical education of children—an education leading them in the groove that eventuates in handicraft—is admirably illustrated through the methods adopted in Professor Felix Adler's school for "little" workmen at Forty-fifth Street and Broadway, New York. The main feature of this institution, and essentially new, is the inclusion of hand-labor as a necessary part of instruction. That is to say, free, popular education should, in the opinion of Professor Adler, be adapted to the children of the poor who are not able to supply suitable education. These children, who are to succeed their parents as the working people of the future, should be properly fitted both in the theory and in the practice of their coming trade.

Professor Adler maintains that little workmen and women may commence handicraftism at a very early age, arguing that the child, although incapable of reading correctly, may yet become greatly interested in certain objects, or groups of objects, and, if its questions be answered intelligently, will acquire not a little knowledge in time. Tools of various kinds are supplied to each child, and it is taught to use them. It is beyond the reach of controversy that children delight in tools. The work-lesson lasts for two hours, and from the beginning to the end the children are absolutely absorbed. Wood being hard and requiring sharp tools, clay is substituted, and it answers the purpose admirably. Cakes of clay are placed before each pupil, and the child is taught to cut a square. To do this they must select the proper tool, and, holding the ruler firmly in the left hand, cut quickly and accurately. Then they learn the use of the carpenter's square and the significance of a right angle. The square is completed, and the little workmen are made to understand that each side is equal to the other and that in the whole is comprehended the simplest lineal measure. Now come the rectangle and the triangle. In this latter preliminary practice is obtained by letting the pupils divide a square or rect-

angle diagonally once or twice, by which means either two or four equal triangles will be produced. The pupil now makes use of the compass. A regular hexagon is marked off by means of the radius on the circumference of a circle, and then inscribed within it. It would be unnecessary to dwell upon the gain in mathematical knowledge here obtained and all the important facts that may here be shown.

The capture of using real tools on wood comes with the third year of study. The work is done from drawings—and after a little from designs made by the boys themselves—great care being taken in the teaching of drawing. Geometry and mathematics step in as a matter of course, the road having been made particularly easy for them and after the most practical fashion.

But the most interesting section of the school is that allotted to the infants. At a given signal the joyous youngsters seat themselves at tables marked all over with intersecting lines. Blocks, pieces of cardboard and strips of colored paper enable them to form geometrical figures, birds, beasts or fishes, or copy off the painted figures on the neighboring squares. Everything is explained; every child is encouraged to ask questions, and the children are taken to the Central Park to behold the animals which they have just constructed in wood or cardboard. At a certain hour the piano strikes up, the little workmen form a circle, and while singing a simple song, with one hand hold their aprons, supposed to be filled with grain, while with the other they sow imaginary oats and wheat and barley. Thus the rudiments of farming are taught, and upwards progressively. The children march in column, two by two, and divide by word of command, all to the words of a stirring song. They also imitate the actions of birds in flight. In addition to the labor in the shop, the little workman learns the rudiments of physics and the use of chemicals, this to fit him for higher labor and better wages. The principal theory upon which the school was founded, viz., the elevation of labor, is never lost sight of. All are taught that labor is honorable, and that upon the character of the laborer depends the opinion which society will form of his work.

ICE-YACHTING ON THE HUDSON.

THERE are sensations and there are sensations, but for a "blood-maddener," that of ice-yachting takes a foremost place. The thin line that separates the participant from danger possesses a special fascination, while the terrific pace sends up nerve-excitement to the highest condition of tension. Clean solid ice, a stiff breeze, wraps such as would suggest a Polar expedition, a flask and a saucy craft, and the ice-yachtman is in his glory. The sheet is loosened and off the yacht shoots like an arrow from a bow. Away with a speed that catches the breath and brings salt tears to the eyes! Away, cutting the ice with a strange grating sound! Away, leaving everything behind! Up thunders a lightning express on the Hudson River Railroad. Here is a chance! The driver blows a whistle of defiance, responded to from the yacht by an accepting cheer. Another reef is let out, and, leaning over in a manner suggestive of instant annihilation, the race begins. The locomotive is tested to her fullest going power—sixty miles an hour. Bah! The yacht commences to draw on the express, and in a few minutes the race is over, the train getting "badly left." Accidents, however, will occur. The gearing is not always to be relied upon, or the cutter either. Bolts are unstable as woman, and ropes will give out at unexpected places. When an ice-yacht capsizes—this does not often occur—the movement to destruction is very gradual. She "luffs," "rears," "eases" the sail, shows up, heels more and more, while the stern remains on the ice, and she quietly spills the crew out of the box, or lets them hang by the shrouds till they drop on the ice. To the blast, to people who have done everything, and whose blood is banked up against all excitement, we advise a spin on the Upper Hudson in an ice-yacht.

THE MILWAUKEE FIRE.

THE scenes of horror which characterized the burning of the Newhall House at Milwaukee, Wis., on January 10th, were scarcely less frightful than those which attended the search among the ruins for the remains of those who had lost their lives. The smoldering flames prevented active operations in this direction until the morning after the fire, when a force of 125 men was set at work clearing away the debris, piece by piece. Citizens freely gave their aid, and volunteers were forthcoming whenever an appeal was made. The progress of the work, however, was necessarily very slow, and it was not until the following morning that the first body was recovered—or, rather, the first fragment of a body. So thoroughly had the flames done their work that in many cases only a few charred bones remained to indicate the form of a human being. In some instances the body was found less ravaged by the fire, but the sight was, if possible, still more appalling. One such body was disinterred in a standing position. The breast faced the north, and from the neck down the body stood straight. The arms extended east and west, and were burned off at the wrists. The head lay back, and the whole position indicated that the person had been standing when the walls fell, had started to throw up his arms when the hot bricks rained down, and was caught in that position, while his head was pillowed backwards in the molten mass. In most cases the bodies were so completely burned that it was utterly impossible to identify the remains. The poor relics of mortality were conveyed in boxes to a vacant store on Broadway, and as each box containing the blackened, steaming remnants of one of the victims was borne in, a rush was made for the door by the crowd, which it required a strong force of officers to keep back. The scenes around these boxes of charred remains were too heartrending to be adequately described by any pen. Mothers who had spent sleepless nights and mourning days since the fire, waiting for tidings of missing sons and daughters, stood over the blackened bones and smoking flesh trying to identify the remains. Husbands who had lost wives and wives whose husbands had met death in the flames and smoke, searchingly bent above the black and smoldering heaps vainly trying to recognize the lost.

The total number of bodies taken from the ruins up to the 19th instant was forty-six. The whole number of lives supposed to have been lost is seventy-five. The exact number has not been ascertained owing to the loss of the hotel register, which had not, unfortunately, been placed in the office safe. Three Herring safes taken from the ruins were found to have all their contents intact—a remarkable proof of their indestructible qualities. The owner of the bar of the burned hotel has been arrested on a charge of having set it on fire, and the evidence so far developed seems conclusive as to his guilt.

WINTER CARNIVAL AT MONTREAL.

THE Winter Carnival at Montreal, for which preparations have been making for several weeks past, and which is now in full progress, combines all the leading features of Canadian Winter sports and enjoyments—such as tobogganing over a course a mile in length, skating, snow-shoe steep-chasing, curling, hockey matches, etc. The grand point of attraction to visitors is the magnificent Ice Palace on Dominion Square, which has a centre tower 120 feet high, with towers at either corner of nearly equal height, and in the construction of which 40,000 feet of ice have been employed.

Both the interior and exterior of this unique structure are lighted by electricity, producing a wonderfully dazzling effect—the spectacle, indeed, eclipsing in splendor anything of the kind ever seen on this side of the Atlantic. Our illustration presents an accurate idea of the palace and its surroundings, and will enable our readers to form some conception of the magnificence of the carnival, of which this is the conspicuous attraction. The programme of entertainments for the week is as follows:

Tuesday 23rd—Afternoon—Inaugural of Ice Palace, illuminated during every evening of the week by the electric light. Inaugural of the new Toboggan Hills under the auspices of the Montreal Tobogganing Club. Open to visitors to the city during the week. *Evening*—Concert by the Snow-shoe Club.

Wednesday 24th—Afternoon—Proposed Civic half holiday. Sleighting on Sherbrooke Street. Snow-shoe Steeplechase from McGill University Grounds. *Evening*—Grand Snow-shoe Tramp and Torchlight Procession by all the Snow-shoe Clubs of Montreal.

Thursday 25th—Afternoon—Trotting and other Races on the Ice of the St. Lawrence Grand Bonspiel by the Curling Clubs of Canada and Skating Races and Games on the River Banks. *Evening*—Fancy Dress Carnival, Victoria Skating Rink.

Friday 26th—Afternoon—Continuation of Bonspiel and Hockey Match on the River Banks. *Evening*—Ball at the Windsor Hotel.

Saturday 27th—Afternoon—Meet of the Montreal Tandem Club, Dominion Square. Snow-shoe Races by the various Clubs of the city, Montreal Lacrosse Grounds.

The Government of Egypt.

THE scheme formulated by the Egyptian Government, approved by Lord Dufferin, and transmitted to the Foreign Office, proposes that the Khédive of Egypt shall have a Council of twelve responsible Ministers, and that a Legislative Council of fourteen members shall be formed, half of whom shall be nominated by the Khédive and half chosen by the system of double election, such as that for which abundant precedents exist in the American Constitution and others. An elective Assembly of forty-four members is also proposed to be convened to discuss occasionally special subjects. The latter will not participate in legislation, but will assist legislation by giving voice to the classes hitherto inarticulate. The initiative of legislation rests wholly with the Council of Ministers, but its projects must be submitted to the Legislative Council before becoming law. In the event of irreconcilable differences between these two bodies, the decision will probably be left to the Khédive.

Railway Schools in Russia.

THERE are at present thirty-three railway schools in Russia to furnish capable native officials, etc., for the lines of the country. A short time ago it was impossible to find fairly-educated natives for the service, and even now half the locomotive-drivers in Russia are German. Twenty years ago, for example, there were, on a stretch of only twenty-five miles, four station officials who could not read or write, and had to employ a clerk for the purpose. These schools now furnish engineers, locomotive-drivers, station-officials, stokers and telegraphists. The pupils are chiefly sons of railway and telegraph officials. The course is three years in length, and, in many cases, two years of probation are added. A one-year preparatory course is provided for those who, at the outset, can neither read nor write. Afterwards, the pupils must remain at least two years in the service of the railway whose schools they have attended. These schools are not yet beyond the experimental stage. One of the oldest of them (founded in 1872) has supplied twenty-five of its pupils to the railway service.

A French Manager's Little Game.

MRS. LUCY H. HOOPER, in a Paris letter to the Philadelphia Telegraph, tells of a very neat, if nefarious, method of proceeding, by which one of the prominent theatrical directors of Paris contrives to line his own pockets at the expense of certain members of his company. At the commencement of each season he will engage sundry beautiful and talented actresses, fixing the penalty for breaking the contract in each case at a very high sum. He will then proceed to torment and aggravate each of the pretty, petted, passionate creatures in turn, in a manner that not one of them is able to endure. Off flies the irascible beauty in a tantrum, and declares that she will not stand such treatment, and that she will break her contract forthwith. She does so, and hands over her forfeit money to the manager, who pockets it and proceeds to serve the next just in the same way. These forfeitures amount to some \$5,000 in each case, and so constitute quite a comfortable source of revenue for the astute director.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Pan-Slavist Leaders in Russia.

The luckless Emperor of Russia nourishes and cherishes the hope of uniting all the Slav peoples under his paternal and imperial rule. The Slav element, divided as it is, has proved not a single but a spoked wheel of thorns to the side of Russia, and within its lines ripen those poisonous seeds which bear fruit, if not in actual Nihilism, in an element closely resembling it. At the present moment there flourishes in Russia what is known as the "Moscow Firm." This firm consists of the two Aksakoffs, Ivan and Constantine, with Katkoff. These gentlemen are the promulgators of the Pan-Slavic idea, which has taken so strong a hold upon the Czar. In 1863 the Pan-Slavic idea came into existence. In 1877 it became strengthened by the Russo-Turkish complication, and in 1878 it exploited itself in regard to the Berlin Congress. In this year a club was formed in Moscow for the purpose of expounding the Pan-Slavic idea at the Congress. The club was started by Katkoff and Aksakoff. At the Berlin Congress Prince Giorachakoff described Aksakoff as "the dangerous and daring Nihilist." In 1880 Aksakoff established in St. Petersburg the Slavonic paper, entitled *Russia*—a journal which is now flourishing, and which, it is scarcely necessary to say, is the organ and mouthpiece of the "idea." The pens of the "Moscow Firm" have done yeoman's service to the cause, and the Czar, eagerly desirous of a loophole of safety, sees in the uniting of the Slav element a reconciling of nationalists which might prove a link of safety to the Russian throne.

The House where Gambetta Died.

Our illustrations show the villa at Ville-d'Avray, fifteen miles from Paris, where Gambetta died, and for weeks past has been the focus of public interest in France. The villa was built and long inhabited by Balzac, and was surrounded by fine lawns and venerable trees, under which the great statesman every Summer found release from the fatigues of the capital. The chamber in which he died was simply furnished; there was a large bed with damask curtains, above which hung a barometer and a miniature, while opposite were three engravings, including a portrait of Mirabeau. In the middle of the room stood a table covered with vials, letters and some papers. In one corner against the wall was a bureau and a secretary, to which an official had affixed his seal in the morning. After the autopsy, the

remains were carried to the vestibule, where it was deposited on a table surrounded with pine branches and strewn with flowers and garlands. Here they were viewed by thousands of citizens who had patiently waited an opportunity to look upon the dead statesman's face.

Italian International Exposition of Fine Arts.

"Eternal Rome" is about to hold an exposition of Fine Arts within her ancient and time-honored walls. In no more suitable place could such a picture be set, Rome being the very inner tabernacle of all that is glorious and transcendental in art. Our illustration is a realistic picture of the last day for sending in works of art. Front e artists, super-excited workmen, agitated officials, and glacial superintendents are everywhere to be seen. Pictures, statuary, carvings, are thick as leaves in Valombrosa. Everything is chaos. Every one is hurried. It is always on the last day that the rush comes, and such a rush! Roman citizens are excitable. Roman artists are inflammable. The strain is almost more than can be borne. Nevertheless, a few hours, and all will get into shape. Despairing artists will smile, exhausted workmen will grin, glacial officials will condescend to appear, and the public will enter an exposition to which we wish all and every success.

Pruning Trees on the Boulevards.

The Parisians, who hold their beautiful boulevards as the light of their eyes, take especial interest in the culture, growth and development of the trees which border them. These trees are guarded with jealous care, and woe to the gamin who would be rash enough either to climb or to touch a branch or bough. The municipality employs a corps of skilled arborists whose duty it is to prune the trees, and generally look after them. Late in every Autumn, just as the leaves have all fallen, these arborists proceed on their rounds, followed by little children, who pick up the lopped off branches, carrying them home for fuel, as charcoal is dear, and the winter nights are fearfully cold. It is quite a sight to witness the little ones gathering these intra mural logs, while care is taken by the genial employers that each child gets his or her own share.

Facts of Interest.

ACCORDING to a recent return, there are 1,457 theatres in Europe. Italy heads the list with 348; next comes France, with 337; Germany, 194; Spain, 160; Great Britain, 150; Austria and Hungary, 132; Russia, 44; Belgium, 34; Holland, 22; Switzerland, 20; Sweden and Norway, 18; Portugal, 16; Denmark, 10; and Turkey and Greece, 4 each.

THE Russian Budget for 1883 estimates the receipts at 778,500,000 of rubles and the expenditures at 100,000 rubles less. A report which accompanies the budget says a loan will be unnecessary.

THE losses by the floods in Germany, it is estimated, will reach 80,000,000 marks.

THE combined wealth of the members of the California Senate is about \$20,000,000. The Senate is composed of four editors, eight farmers, one miner, four capitalists, two merchants, five mechanics, one contractor, one physician, one viticulturist, and fourteen lawyers.

CZAR ALEXANDER III. makes a hobby of police and military uniforms. He has changed the costume of the St. Petersburg police three times since his accession, and carefully examined the minutest details of all new styles, sometimes taking hours to decide upon the pattern of a button.

A PORT JERVIS (N. Y.) couple were divorced for incompatibility of temper two years ago, the wife keeping the only child, a bright boy of seven years. The father removed to Carbondale, Pa., and recently entered into correspondence with his wife, offering to assume the expense of educating the boy. The letter brought about a meeting, the meeting caused a reconciliation, and the couple have been again married.

AN apiarist of Bristol, Vt., has an order for thirty thousand sections of hives of what are known as "pure-bred" swarms of bees. This industry is rivaling the leading business of the Champlain Valley, viz., Spanish merino sheep-breeding.

THE great storms are associated in Europe with the deaths of heroes. That about the time of Cromwell's death was long remembered, and it was a common remark among the country people when Wellington died: "Oh, the rain won't give in until the Duke is buried." In France the deaths of Chanzy and Gambetta have occurred at the time of storm and devastating floods, which will serve to strengthen the superstition.

IN Germany the Imperial Post Office practically has the monopoly of the entire newspaper trade. Every post-office in the empire is ready to receive subscriptions for not only any German journal, but almost any newspaper of note published in the world. The new catalogue of the German Post Office for 1883, which is just published, shows a total of 8,412 newspapers, any of which the Government is ready to supply to subscribers at any office throughout the empire.

PHILADELPHIA has a co-operative store, with sales now amounting to \$250,000 per annum, and paying six per cent. dividends to the shareholders. It was begun eight years ago by several men who worked in a factory, and thought it would be a good idea to cheapen provisions by buying in lots and then dividing. They formed a little society, and kept their stock in a room of a member's residence. Next they hired a small store, and from that the business has grown to its present importance.

THE Hon. Charles J. Faulkner, of Martinsburg, W. Va., has in his possession, well-preserved, the desk and chair once long occupied in the House of Representatives by John Quincy Adams.

WHILE Albert Robinson was before a police-court in San Francisco, attempting to explain away a charge of vagrancy, he was handed a check for \$500 with which to pay his passage to England, where a fortune of \$500,000 awaited him.

Death-roll of the Week.

JANUARY 13TH.—At Lacon, Ill., Greenbury L. Fort, ex-member of Congress, aged 57. *January 15th*—At Philadelphia, Pa., Joseph Saller, for many years financial editor of the *Public Ledger*, aged 73; at Indianapolis, Ind., Rt. Rev. Joseph O. Talbot, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Indiana, aged 67; at Chicago, Ill., Nelson Ludington, formerly a prominent banker; at Lexington, Va., General and Rev. W. N. Pendleton, an Episcopal clergyman before and since the war, and a Confederate general during the rebellion; at Berlin, Germany, Baron Wolzogen, well-known writer on musical and theatrical subjects. *January 16th*—At Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. Dr. William O. Johnstone, for thirty-one years pastor of the Kensington Presbyterian Church; at Little Rock, Ark., James L. Torrens, United States Marshal. *January 17th*—In New York city, Henry Kip, of Buffalo, one of the oldest express managers in the country, aged 66; at Pampano, N. J., Robert Fish, a well-known yacht-builder, aged 70; at Buffalo, N. Y., Solomon Drullman, a prominent manufacturer, aged 76; at Lynchburg, Va., General Adin G. Clay, formerly prominent in business and politics, aged 81. *January 18th*—At Washington, D. C., John W. Shackelford, Congressman from North Carolina, aged 38; at Norristown, Pa., R. S. Newbold, formerly Minister to Mexico and a wealthy manufacturer, aged 76. *January 19th*—At Albany, N. Y., W. S. Padlock, formerly Recorder and once Acting Mayor, aged 62; at Buffalo, N. Y., Jerome F. Fargo, a well-known expressman.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Swedish budget shows a surplus of 1,700,000 crowns.

—WOMEN physicians have been refused permission to practice in Austria.

—THE first cargo of corn ever sent from Savannah to Europe was shipped last week.

—THE Assembly of Guatemala has ratified the treaty between that country and Mexico.

—THE Winter is very severe in Russia, and persons frozen to death are found in the streets of Moscow daily.

—THE Italian Commission on the abolition of forced currency have decided that specie payments be begun in April or May.

—TROOPS have been sent from the Poplar River Agency, Wyoming, to aid in the removal of intruders from the Indian reservation.

—THE old original residence of the Rothschild family at Frankfurt has been sold to the authorities of the city, and will shortly be demolished.

—MAYOR EDSON, of New York city, has appointed a committee of five citizens to investigate the subject of a better water supply for the city.

—THE German singing societies of Brooklyn propose to hold a monster Sängerfest in June, 1885. Twenty thousand singers will be invited to take part in the festival.

—THE Foochow (China) arsenal is preparing for the construction of ironclads on a large scale. Ten ships of various dimensions have been ordered by the Government.

—THE cotton crop of North Carolina, according to present indications, will be over 50,000 bales less than last year's, and that of Virginia less by several thousand bales.

—A VICTORIA (B. C.) dispatch of January 14th draws this interesting picture: "The beautiful weather continues. The fields are green, the trees budding, and the flowers blooming."

—WILLIAM GOVERNOUR MORRIS, Collector of Customs at Sitka, states that last season a small force of miners made over \$250,000 by surface digging on the mountain sides in Alaska.

—A BODY of snow nearly a quarter-mile long, one hundred yards wide and fifteen feet deep, swept down the side of Mosquito Mountain, near Leadville, a few days ago, and carried away two miners.

—THE Arkansas Legislature has adopted a joint resolution providing for the submission to the people of a constitutional amendment forbidding the payment of the railroad aid, the levee, and the Holford bonds.

—AN ice bridge railway across the St. Lawrence River, at Quebec, was connected with the Southeastern Railway last week, and it is anticipated that the traffic this year will much exceed that of previous years.

—GOVERNOR ORDWAY of Dakota says in his Message to the Legislature that the population of the Territory has doubled in two years, and now reaches 300,000, and that the amount of taxable property is \$50,000,000.

—STARFISH have appeared in great numbers on the oyster-beds along the Sound shore in Connecticut. The oystermen are greatly alarmed, as these fish, if allowed to remain, soon destroy the bivalves. Many oystermen have been busy for weeks taking the fish from their beds.

—ELEVEN shocks of earthquake were felt in the town of Archena, Spain, January 16th, causing the greatest consternation among the inhabitants. Mass was said in the open fields, as it was considered dangerous to occupy the church.

—MANY destructive fires have occurred in Yokohama and Tokio. In the former place the Governor's official quarters were burned. There are 124 policemen constantly employed to guard the higher Government officials, in and out of doors.

—GENERAL BOOTH, the commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, has dismissed three officers who had been presented with gold watches as gifts from their admiring friends. He called it bribery and corruption, and their expulsion was a summary proceeding.

—A MISSOURI bee-raiser has taken a carload of bees to Florida for the Winter, so that they may make honey all the year round. It costs less than \$1 a hive for transportation, and he expects that each hive will have \$6 or \$7 worth of honey in it when he returns to Missouri in the Spring.

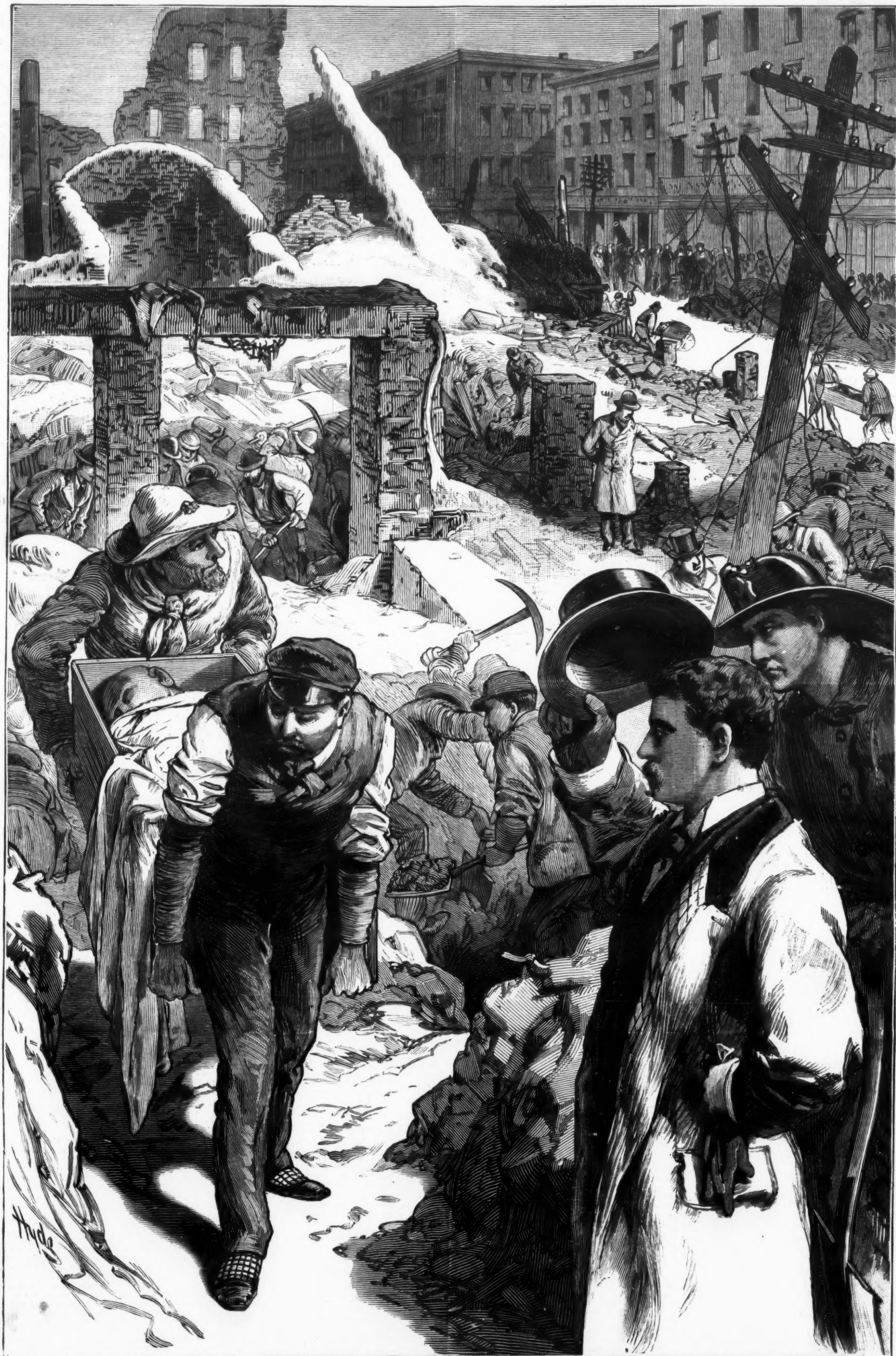
—TWEDDLE'S HALL, at Albany, famous as the scene of many exciting political conventions, was burned one morning last week so quickly that it is obvious there must have been terrible loss of life if the flames had broken out when it was filled with an audience. It was built in 1860, and the loss is \$300,000.

—A POLISH servant girl, recently imported, was arraigned in this city the other day, charged with stealing from her mistress. She pleaded guilty, but said, through an interpreter, that she had been told that it was a custom of the country for servants to help themselves to the property of their employers.

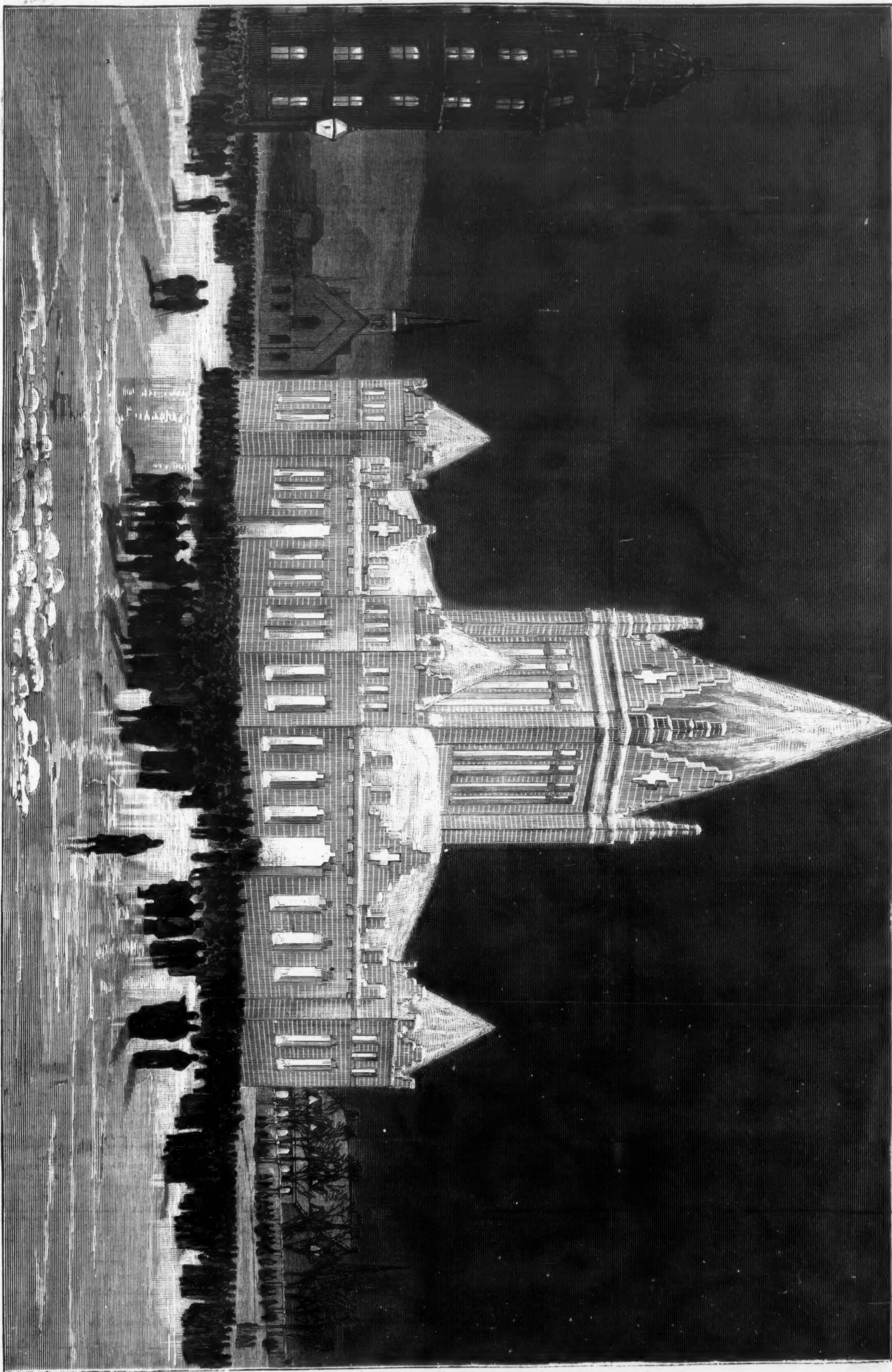
—THE steamer *Victoria* recently arrived at Liverpool from Boston with 1,580 sheep and 378 oxen, on her sixth trip, with the new system of ventilation by extra funnels and air shafts in the funnel casing. In her 5 trips she has carried over a total of 7,846 sheep and 3,211 head of cattle, and has lost only nine cattle on the passage.

—THE Massachusetts Supreme Court has decided that liquor dealers cannot evade the law which prohibits the sale of liquor within 400 feet of a school-house. The effect will be to prevent about 150 dealers carrying on business in their present locations. The liquor dealers thought they could avoid interference by boarding up the principal entrance on the street near a school-house, making new entrances from other streets.

—A FRIGHTFUL disaster is reported from Russian Poland. During the performance at a circus in the town of Berdicheff a fire broke out, in consequence of the careless handling of fireworks on the stage, and no less than 268 persons, including many foreign travelers, lost their lives in the flames. The terrible slaughter is attributable to the reckless manner in which the building was constructed. The front door opened inward, and was rendered useless by the pressure of the panic-stricken crowd, and the two side doors, to which they then rushed, were both nailed up, so that the only chance of escape was by leaping from the windows. The spaces between the outer and inner walls of the circus having been filled with straw, the structure burned like tinder, and to intensify the horrors of the situation, the firemen could do nothing to extinguish the flames, as the water in the tanks was frozen. The managers of the circus have been arrested for having had the two side doors nailed up.



WISCONSIN.—THE BURNING OF THE NEWHALL HOUSE, MILWAUKEE—SEARCHING THE RUINS FOR BODIES OF VICTIMS OF THE DISASTER.—FROM SKETCHES BY T. J. S. LANDIS.—SEE PAGE 375.



CANADA.—THE WINTER CARNIVAL AT MONTREAL, JAN. 24-28TH.—THE ICE PALACE ON DOMINION SQUARE.—FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOS.—SEE PAGE 375.

HEART AND SCIENCE: A STORY OF THE PRESENT TIME.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

CHAPTER LVII.

AFTER leaving the office, Mr. Null had his patients to see. He went to Carmina first. Since the unfortunate alarm in the house, he had begun to feel doubtful and anxious about her again.

In the sitting-room he found Teresa and the landlady in consultation. In her own abrupt way, the nurse made him acquainted with the nature of the conference.

"We have two worries to bother us," she said; "and the music-master is the worst of the two. There's a notion at the hospital (set agoing, I don't doubt, by the man himself), that I crushed his fingers on purpose. That's a lie! With the open cupboard door between us, how could I see him, or he see me? When I gave it a push-to, I no more knew where his hand was than you do. If I meant anything, I meant to slap his face for prying about in my room. Here's our friend going to ask how he is, and willing to take my defense of myself along with her. We've made out a writing between us to show to the doctors. Just look at it, and say if it's short enough to trouble nobody, and plain enough to tell the truth."

Incapable Mr. Null showed sad ignorance of the first principles of criticism. He not only read the composition submitted to him from beginning to end, but expressed himself politely in speaking of the authors.

"Now, about the other matter," Teresa resumed. "You tell me I shall fall ill myself, if I don't get a person to help me with Carmina. Well! the person has come."

"Where is she?"

Teresa pointed to the bedroom.

"Recommended by me?" Mr. Null inquired.

"Recommended by herself. And we don't like her. That's the other worry."

Mr. Null settled the question with a due regard to his own importance. "No nurse has any business here without my sanction! I'll send her away directly."

He pushed open the baize door. A lady was sitting by Carmina's bedside. Even in the dim light there was no mistaking that face. Mr. Null recognized—Miss Minerva.

She rose and bowed to him. He returned the bow stiffly. Nature's protecting care of fools supplies them with an instinct which distrusts ability. Mr. Null had never liked Miss Minerva. At the same time he was a little afraid of her. This was not the sort of nurse who could be ordered to retire at a moment's notice.

"I have been waiting anxiously to see you," she said, and led the way to the further end of the room. "Carmina terrifies me," she added, in a whisper. "I have been here for an hour. When I entered the room her face, poor dear, seemed to come to life again; she was able to express her joy at seeing me. Even the jealous old nurse noticed the change for the better. Why didn't it last? Look at her—oh, look at her!"

The melancholy relapse that had followed the short interval of excitement was visible to any one now.

There was the "simulated paralysis" showing itself plainly in every part of the face. She lay still as death, looking vacantly at the foot of the bed. Mr. Null was inclined to resent the interference of a meddling woman in the discharge of his duty. He felt Carmina's pulse in sullen silence. Her eyes never moved; her hand showed no consciousness of his touch. Teresa opened the door and looked in—impatiently eager to see the intruding nurse sent away. Miss Minerva invited her to return to her place at the bedside. "I only ask to occupy it," she said, considerably, "when you want rest." Teresa was ready with an ungracious reply, but found no opportunity of putting it into words. Miss Minerva turned quickly to Mr. Null. "I must ask you to let me say a few words more," she continued; "I will wait for you in the sitting-room."

Her look reminded him of his experience on certain past occasions. She was only a woman; but there was a resolution in her that no resistance could shake. He followed her into the sitting-room, and waited in sullen submission to hear what she had to say.

"I must not trouble you by entering into my own affairs," she began. "I will only say that I have obtained an engagement much sooner than I had anticipated, and that the convenience of my employers made it necessary for me to meet them in Paris. I owed Carmina a letter, but I had a reason for not writing until I knew whether she had, or had not, left London. With that object I called this morning at her aunt's house. You now see me here—after what I have heard from the servants. I make no comment, and I ask for no explanations. One thing only, I must know. Teresa refers me to you. Is Carmina attended by any other medical man?"

Mr. Null answered stiffly, "I am in consultation with Doctor Benjulia; and I expect him to-day."

The reply startled her. "Doctor Benjulia?" she repeated.

"The greatest man we have!" Mr. Null asserted, in his most positive manner.

She silently determined to wait until Doctor Benjulia arrived.

"What is the last news of Mr. Ovid?" she said to him, after an interval of consideration.

He told her the news, in the fewest words possible. Even he observed that it seemed to excite her.

"Oh, Mr. Null! who is to prepare him for what he will see in that room? Who is to tell him what he must hear of his mother?"

Mr. Null stood on his dignity. "The matter

is left in my hands," he announced. "I shall telegraph to him at Queenstown."

The obstinate insensibility of his tone stopped her on the point of saying what Mr. Mool had said already. She, too, felt for Ovid, when she thought of the cruel brevity of a telegram. "At what date will the vessel reach Queenstown?" she asked.

"By way of making sure," said Mr. Null, "I shall telegraph in eight days' time."

She troubled him with no more inquiries. He had purposely remained standing, in the expectation that she would take the hint and go; and he now walked to the window and looked out. She remained in her chair, thinking. In a few minutes more, there was a heavy step on the stairs. Benjulia had arrived.

He looked hard at Miss Minerva, in unconcealed surprise at finding her in the house. She rose, and made an effort to propitiate him by shaking hands. "I am very anxious," she said, gently, "to hear your opinion."

"Your hand tells me that," he answered. "It's a cold hand, on a warm day. You're an excitable woman."

He looked at Mr. Null, and led the way into the bedroom.

Left by herself, Miss Minerva discovered writing materials (placed ready for Mr. Null's next prescription) on a side table. She made use of them at once to write to her employer. "A dear friend of mine is seriously ill, and in urgent need of all that my devotion can do for her. If you are willing to release me from my duties for a short time, your sympathy and indulgence will not be thrown away on an ungrateful woman. If you cannot do me this favor, I ask your pardon for putting you to inconvenience, and leave some other person, whose mind is at ease, to occupy the place which I am for the present unfit to fill." Having completed her letter in those terms, she waited Benjulia's return.

There was sadness in her face, but no agitation, as she looked patiently towards the bedroom door. At last, in her inmost heart, she knew it—the victory over herself was a victory won. Carmina could trust her now; and Ovid himself should see it!

Mr. Null returned to the sitting-room alone. Doctor Benjulia had no time to spare; he had left the bedroom by the other door.

"I may say (as you seem anxious) that my colleague approves of every suggestion that I have made; we recognize the new symptoms, without feeling alarm." Having issued this bulletin, Mr. Null sat down to write his prescription.

When he looked up again, the room was empty. Had she left the house? No; her traveling hat and her gloves were on the other table. Had she boldly confronted Teresa on her own ground? He took his prescription into the bedroom. There she was, and there sat the implacable nurse, already persuaded into listening to her! What conceivable subject could there be which offered two such women neutral ground to meet on? Mr. Null left the house without the faintest suspicion that Carmina might be the subject.

"May I try to rouse her?"

Teresa answered by silently resigning her place at the bedside. Miss Minerva touched Carmina's hand, and spoke. "Have you heard the good news, dear? Ovid is coming back in little more than a week."

Carmina looked—reluctantly looked—at her friend. She said, with an effort, "I am glad."

"You will be better," Miss Minerva continued, "the moment you see him."

Her face became faintly animated. "I shall be able to say good-by," she answered.

"Not good-by, darling. He is returning to you after a long journey."

"I am going, Frances, on a longer journey still." She closed her eyes, too weary or too indifferent to say more.

Miss Minerva drew back, desperately struggling against the tears that fell fast over her face. The jealous old nurse quietly moved nearer to her, and kissed her hand. "I've been a brute and a fool," said Teresa. "You're almost as fond of her as I am."

A week later, Miss Minerva left London, to wait for Ovid at Queenstown.

CHAPTER LVIII.

MR. MOOL was waiting at Fairfield Gardens, when his old friend arrived from Scotland, to tell him what the cautiously expressed message in the telegram really meant. But one idea seemed to be impressed on Mr. Gallilee's mind—the idea of reconciliation. He insisted on seeing his wife. It was in vain to tell him that she was utterly incapable of reciprocating or even of understanding his wishes. Absolute resistance was the one alternative left—and it was followed by distressing results. The kind-hearted old man burst into a fit of crying, which even shook the resolution of the doctors. One of them went up-stairs to warn the nurses. The other said, "Let him see her."

The instant he showed himself in the room, Mrs. Gallilee recognized him with a shriek of fury. The nurses held her back—while Mr. Mool dragged him out again and shut the door. The object of the doctors had been gained. His own eyes had convinced him of the terrible necessity of placing his wife under restraint. With his consent she was removed to a private asylum.

Maria and Zoe had been left in Scotland—as perfectly happy as girls could be, in the society of their cousins and under the affectionate care of their aunt. Mr. Gallilee remained in London; but he was not left alone in the deserted house. The good lawyer had a spare room at his disposal, and Mrs. Mool and her daughters received him with true sympathy. Coming events helped to steady his mind. He was comforted in the anticipation of Ovid's return, and interested in hearing of the generous motive which had led Miss Minerva to

meet his stepson. "I never agreed with the others when they used to abuse our government," he said. "She might have been quick-tempered, and she might have been ugly—I suppose I saw her in some other light myself." He had truly seen her under another light. In his simple, affectionate nature, there had been instinctive recognition of that great heart.

He was allowed to see Carmina, in the hope that pleasant associations connected with him might have a favorable influence. She smiled faintly, and gave him her hand, when she saw him at the bedside—but that was all.

He was too deeply distressed to ask to see her again. Day by day he made his inquiries at the door, and day by day the answer was always the same.

Before she left London, Miss Minerva had taken it on herself to engage the vacant rooms on the ground floor of the lodging-house for Ovid. She knew his heart as she knew her own heart. Once under the same roof with Carmina, he would leave it no more—until life gave her back to him or death took her away. Hearing of what had been done, Mr. Gallilee removed to Ovid's rooms the writing-desk and the books, the favorite music and the faded flowers left by Carmina at Fairfield Gardens.

"Anything that belongs to her," he thought, "will surely be welcome to the poor fellow when he comes back."

On one afternoon—never afterwards to be forgotten—he had only begun to make his daily inquiry, when the door on the ground floor was opened, and Miss Minerva beckoned to him.

Her face daunted Mr. Gallilee; he asked, in a whisper, if Ovid had returned.

She pointed upwards, and answered, "He is with her now."

"How did he bear it?"

"We don't know; we were afraid to follow him into the room."

She turned towards the window as she spoke. Teresa was sitting there, vacantly looking out. Mr. Gallilee spoke to her kindly; she made no answer—she never even moved.

"Worn out," Miss Minerva whispered to him. "When she thinks of Carmina now, she thinks without hope."

He shuddered. The expression of his own fear was in those words—and he shrank from it. Miss Minerva took his hand, and led him to a chair. "Ovid will know best," she reminded him; "let us wait for what Ovid will say."

"Did you meet him on board the vessel?" Mr. Gallilee asked.

"Yes."

"How did he look?"

"So well and so strong that you would scarcely have known him again."

"Was he frightened about Carmina?"

"Don't speak of it! I had courage enough to tell him the truth, but not courage enough to look at him."

"You good creature—you dear good creature! Forgive me if I have distressed you; I didn't mean it."

"You have not distressed me, Mr. Gallilee. Is there anything more I can tell you?"

Mr. Gallilee hesitated. "I don't like to speak of it," he said; "but there is one thing more. Did you tell him what had happened at—"

He hesitated again. Miss Minerva understood the imperfectly expressed question.

"Yes," she answered; "I spoke to him of his mother first."

"Why?"

"I thought he might be more ready to judge her mercifully when we returned to the subject of Carmina. I mean, when I could no longer avoid—"

Mr. Gallilee stopped her. "Don't tell me what you mean!" he said, with a look of horror. "I would give everything I possess in the world, if I could forget it. What did Ovid say?"

"In mercy to his mother, he spared me—as you have spared me. He said, 'Let it be enough for me to know that she was the person to blame. I was prepared to hear it when I read Zoe's letter; my mother's silence could only be accounted for in one way.' Don't you know, Mr. Gallilee, that the child wrote to Ovid?"

The surprise and delight of Zoe's fond old father, when he heard the story of the letter, forced a smile from Miss Minerva, even at that time of doubt and sorrow. He declared that he would have returned to his daughter by the mail train of that night but for two considerations. He must see his stepson before he went back to Scotland; and he must search all the toy-shops in London for the most magnificent present that could be offered to a young person of ten years old. "Tell Ovid, with my love, I'll call again to-morrow," he said, looking at his watch. "I have just time to write to Zoe by to-day's post." He went to his club for the first time since he had returned to London. Miss Minerva thought of the old times, and wondered if he could enjoy his champagne.

A little later Mr. Null called, anxious to know if Ovid had arrived.

Other women, in the position of Miss Minerva and Teresa, might have hesitated to keep the patient's room closed to the doctor. These two were resolved. They refused to disturb Ovid, even by sending up a message. Mr. Null took offense. "Understand, both of you," he said, "when I call to-morrow morning, I shall insist on going up-stairs—and if I find this incivility repeated, I shall throw up the case." He left the room, triumphing in his fool's paradise of aggressive self-conceit.

They waited for some time longer, and still no message reached them from up-stairs. "We may be wrong in staying here," Miss Minerva suggested; "he may want to be alone when he leaves her—let us go."

She rose to return to the house of her new employers. They respected her, and felt for her; while Carmina's illness continued she had the entire disposal of her time. The nurse accompanied her to the door, resigned

to take refuge in the landlady's room. I'm afraid to be by myself," Teresa said. "Even that woman's chatter is better for me than my own thoughts."

Before parting for the night they waited in the hall, looking towards the stairs and listening anxiously. Not a sound reached their ears.

CHAPTER LVIII.

AMONG many vain hopes, one had been realized; they had met again.

In the darkened room her weary eyes could scarcely have seen the betrayal of what he suffered—even if she had looked up in his face. She was content to see him sitting by her, to rest her head on his breast, to feel his arm round her. "I am glad, dear," she said, "to have lived long enough for this."

Those were her first words—after the first kiss. She had trembled and sighed when he ran to her and bent over her; it was the one expression left of all her joy and all her love. But it passed away as other lesser agitations had passed away. One last reserve of energy rallied under the gentle persuasion of love. Silent towards all other friends she was able to speak to Ovid.

"You used to breathe so lightly," she said. "How is it that I hear you now? Oh, Ovid, don't cry! I couldn't bear that."

He answered her quietly. "Don't be afraid, darling; I won't distress you."

"And you will let me say what I want to say?"

"Oh, yes!"

This satisfied her. "I may rest a little now," she said.

He, too, was silent, held down by the heavy hand of despair.

The time had been, in the days of his failing health, when the solemn shadows of evening falling over the fields—the soaring song of the lark in the bright heights of the midday sky—the dear lost remembrances that the divine touch of music finds again—brought tears into his eyes. They were dry eyes now! Those once tremulous nerves had gathered steady strength on the broad prairies and in the roving life. What sympathies that melt into tears throbbed in the new vitality that rioted in his blood, whether she lived or whether she died? In those deep breathings that had alarmed her, she had indeed heard the vain struggle of grief to find its way to the lost sources of tears, through the health and strength that set moral weakness at defiance. Nature had remade this man—and nature never pities.

It was an effort to her to collect her thoughts—but she did collect them. She was able to tell him what was in her mind.

"Do you think, Ovid, your mother will care much what becomes of me when I die?"

He started at those dreadful words—so softly, so patiently spoken. "You will live," he said. "My Carmina, what am I here for but to bring you back to life?"

She made no attempt to dispute with him. Quietly, persistently, she returned to the thought that was in her.

"Say that I forgive your mother, Ovid—and that I only ask one thing in return. I ask her to leave me to you when the end has come. My dear, there is a feeling in me that I can't get over. Don't let me be buried in a great place, all crowded with the dead! I once saw a picture—it was at home in Italy, I think—an English picture of a quiet little churchyard in the country. The shadows of the trees rested on the lonely graves. And some great poet had written—oh, such beautiful words about it—

"The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

Promise, Ovid, you will take me to some place like that?"

He promised—and she thanked him, and rested again.

"There was something else," she said, when the interval had passed. "My head is so sleepy. I wonder whether I can think of it?"

After a while she did think of it.

"I want to make you a little farewell present. Will you undo my gold chain? Don't cry, Ovid! oh, don't cry!"

He obeyed her. The gold chain held the two lockets—the treasured portraits of her father and her mother. "Wear them for my sake," she murmured. "Lift me up; I want to put them round your neck myself." She tried, vainly tried, to clasp the chain. Her head fell back on his breast. "Too sleepy," she said—"always too sleepy now! Say you love me, Ovid."

He said it.

"Kiss me, dear."

He kissed her.

"Now lay me down on the pillow. I'm not eighteen yet—and I feel as old as eighty! Rest; all I want is rest." Looking at him fondly, her eyes closed little by little—then softly opened again. "Don't wait in this dull room, darling; I will send for you, if I wake."

It was the only wish of hers that he disobeyed. From time to time his fingers touched her pulse, and felt its feeble beat. From time to time, he stooped and let the faint coming and going of her breath flutter on his cheek. The twilight fell, and darkness began to gather over the room. Still he kept his place by her, like a man entranced.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE first trivial sound that broke the spell was the sound of a match struck in the next room.

He rose, and groped his way to the door. Teresa had ventured up-stairs, and had kindled a light. Some momentary doubt of him kept her silent when he looked at her. He stammered and stared about him confusedly when he spoke.

"Where—where?" He seemed to have lost

his hold on his thoughts—he gave it up, and tried again. "I want to be alone," he burst out; recovering, for the moment, some power of expressing himself.

Teresa took him by the hand like a child. She led him down-stairs to his room. He stood silently watching her, while she lit the candles. "Is there anything I can do for you?" she ventured to ask. He shook his head vacantly. She found courage in her pity for him. "Try to pray," she said, as she left the room.

He fell on his knees but still the words failed him. He tried to quiet his mind by holy thoughts. No! The dumb agony in him was powerless to find relief. Only the shadows of thoughts crossed his mind; his eyes ached with a burning heat. He began to be afraid of himself. The active habits of the life that he had left drove him out, with the instincts of an animal, into space and air. Neither knowing nor caring in what direction he turned his steps, he walked on at the top of his speed. On and on, till the crowded houses began to grow more rare—till there were gaps of open ground on either side of him—till the moon rose behind a plantation of trees, and bathed in its melancholy light a lonely high-road. He followed the road till he was tired of it, and turned aside into a winding lane. The lights and shadows alternating with each other soothed and pleased him. He had got the relief in exercise that had been denied him while he was in repose. He could think again; he could feel the resolution stirring in him to save that dear one, or to die with her. Now at last, he was man enough to face the terrible necessity that confronted him, and fight the battle of Art and Love against Death. Time—he knew it now—time was precious; the speediest way back to her was the best way. He stopped in the lane, and looked round. In the solitude, there was no hope of finding a person to direct him. He turned to go back to the high-road.

At the same moment he became conscious of the odor of tobacco wafted towards him on the calm night air. Some one was smoking in the lane.

He retraced his steps until he reached a gate, with a barren field behind it. There was the man, whose tobacco-smoke he had smelt, leaning on the gate, with his pipe in his mouth.

The moonlight fell full on Ovid's face as he approached to ask his way. The man suddenly stood up, stared at him, and said, "Hullo! is it you or your ghost?"

His face was in shadow, but his voice answered for him. The man was Benjulia.

"Have you come to see me?" he asked.

"No."

"Won't you shake hands?"

"No."

"What's wrong?"

Ovid had heard from Miss Minerva all that Teresa could tell of the consultations between Benjulia and Mr. Null, and all that she had herself observed when Benjulia had come to the house. He answered when he had steadied his temper.

"I have seen Carmina," he said.

Benjulia went on with his smoking. "An interesting case, isn't it?" he remarked.

"You were called into consultation by Mr. Null," Ovid continued, "and you approved of his ignorant treatment—you, who knew better."

"I should think I did!" Benjulia rejoined.

"You deliberately encouraged an incompetent man; you let that poor girl go on from bad to worse—for some vile end of your own."

Benjulia good-naturedly corrected him.

"No, no. For an excellent end—for knowledge."

"If I fail to remedy the mischief, which is your doing, and yours alone—"

Benjulia took his pipe out of his mouth.

"How do you mean to cure her?" he eagerly interposed. "Have you got a new idea?"

"If I fail," Ovid repeated, "her death lies at your door. You merciless villain—as certainly as that moon is now shining over us, your life shall answer for hers."

Astonishment—immeasurable astonishment—sealed Benjulia's lips. He looked down the lane when Ovid left him, completely stupefied. The one imaginable way of accounting for such language as he had heard—spoken by a competent member of his own profession!—presented the old familiar alternative. "Drunk or mad?" he wondered, while he lit his pipe again. Walking back to the house, his old distrust of Ovid troubled him once more. He decided to call at Teresa's lodgings in a day or two, and ascertain from the landlady (and the chemist) how Carmina was being cured.

Returning to the high-road, Ovid was passed by a tradesman driving his cart towards London. The man civilly offered to take him as far as the nearest outlying cabstand.

Neither the landlady nor Teresa had gone to their beds when he returned. Their account of Carmina, during his absence, contained nothing to alarm him. He bade them good-night, eager to be left alone in his room.

In the house and out of the house there was now the perfect silence that helps a man to think. His mind was clear, his memory answered when he called on it to review that part of his own medical practice which might help him, by experience, in his present need. But he shrank with Carmina's life in his hands—from trusting wholly to himself. A higher authority than his was waiting to be consulted. He took from his portmanteau the manuscript presented to him by the poor wretch whose last hours he had soothed in the garret at Montreal.

The work opened with a declaration which gave it a special value in Ovid's estimation.

"If this imperfect record of experience is ever read by other eyes than mine, I wish to make one plain statement at the outset. The information which is presented in these pages

is wholly derived from the results of bedside practice, pursued under miserable obstacles and interruptions, and spread over a period of many years. Whatever faults and failings I may have been guilty of as a man, I am innocent, in my professional capacity, of ever having perpetrated the useless and detestable cruelties which go by the name of Vivisection. Without entering into any of the disputes on either side which this practice has provoked, I declare my conviction that no asserted usefulness in the end can justify deliberate cruelty in the means. The man who asserts that any pursuit in which he can engage is independent of moral restraint is a man in a state of revolt against God. I refuse to hear him in his own defense on that ground."

Ovid turned next to the section of the work which was entitled "Brain Disease." The writer introduced his observations in these prefatory words:

"A celebrated physiologist, plainly avowing the ignorance of doctors in the matter of the brain and its diseases, and alluding to appearances presented by post-mortem examinations, concludes his confession thus: 'We cannot even be sure whether many of the changes discovered are the cause or the result of the disease, or whether the two are the conjoint results of a common cause.'"

"So this man writes, after experience in vivisection. Let my different experience be heard next. Not knowing into what hands this manuscript may fall, or what unexpected opportunities of usefulness it may encounter after my death, I purposely abstain from using technical language in the statement which I have now to make."

"In medical investigations, as in all other forms of human inquiry, the result in view is not infrequently obtained by indirect and unexpected means. What I have to say here on the subject of brain disease was first suggested by experience of two cases, which seemed in the last degree unlikely to help me. They were both cases of young women, each one having been hysterically affected by a serious moral shock, terminating, after a longer or shorter interval, in simulated paralysis. One of these cases I treated successfully. While I was still in attendance on the other (pursuing the same course of treatment which events had already proved to be right), a fatal accident terminated my patient's life, and rendered a post-mortem examination necessary. From those starting points, I arrived—by devious ways which I am now to relate—at deductions and discoveries that threw a new light on the nature and treatment of brain disease."

Hour by hour Ovid studied the pages that followed, until his mind and the mind of the writer were one. He then returned to certain preliminary allusions to the medical treatment of the two girls—inexpressibly precious to him in Carmina's present interests. The dawn of day found him prepared at all points, and only waiting until the lapse of the next few hours placed the means of action in his hands.

But there was one anxiety to be relieved before he lay down to rest a while.

He took off his shoes and stole up-stairs to Carmina's door. The faithful Teresa was asleep, earnestly persuading her to take some light nourishment. The little he could hear of her voice, as she answered, made his heart ache—it was so faint and so low. Still, she could speak; and, still there was the old saying to remember, which has comforted so many and deceived so many: While there's life, there's hope.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS.

GOVERNOR SHELBY M. CULLOM of Illinois, who is soon to exchange the title he now wears for that of Senator, has spent almost his whole life in the State which honors him, his father having removed to Tazewell County, Ill., from his birthplace in Wayne County, Ky., about a year after the future Senator's birth, on November 22d, 1829. Like so many embryo statesmen, the boy grew up to a farmer's life, getting his education at the district school in the winter. Later he spent two years at Mount Morris University, and when he reached his majority, he began the study of the law. He had scarcely been admitted to the Bar before he was elected City Attorney of Springfield, and he soon became a prominent figure in Illinois politics. In 1856 he was a Presidential Elector upon the Fillmore ticket, and was elected to the Legislature by a coalition of the Fillmore and Fremont men. The former party gave him the compliment of an unavailing vote for Speaker, but four years later he was chosen to that position. In 1864 he was elected to Congress from a Democratic district by a round majority over his old law instructor, and he was kept in the House by successive re-elections until 1871. During his service at Washington he was Chairman of the House Committee on Territories, and pushed through that body the celebrated Bill for the suppression of polygamy, which was defeated in the Senate. His championship of this measure caused him to be burned in effigy in every Mormon temple, and attracted the attention of the country generally to the Illinois representative. He was defeated for a fourth term in 1870, but in 1872 he was again sent to the Legislature and again made Speaker of the House. He was re-elected to the Legislature in 1874, and in 1876 was chosen Governor of the State by the Republicans. He was re-elected in 1880, and will have served out only half his second term when he becomes Senator next March. Governor Cullom has made a good record in every position which he has held, and has a strong hold upon the Republicans of Illinois. His opponents endeavored to defeat his Senatorial ambition by quoting the clause of the State Constitution which makes the Governor ineligible to other office during his term, but this restriction has been repeatedly overruled by the Senate as in conflict with the right reserved each branch of Congress to decide all questions as to membership of that body.

AN EXPERIMENT IN GASTRONOMY.

A CURIOUS wager is now attracting much attention among the sporting men of New York. Some time ago a discussion arose between "Gabe" Case, who keeps an inn much frequented by the drivers of fast horses in the upper part of the city, and James Moffat as to a man's capacity for eating

quails. Mr. Moffat offered to bet \$250 that he could furnish a man who would eat two quails a day for thirty consecutive days. Mr. Case declared that it could not be done, and accepted the wager. Mr. Moffat named W. S. Walcott as his man, and on the afternoon of January 7th that individual began his task. Mr. Walcott has made a wonderful record in gastronomic feats, having in 1878 won \$500 by eating one quail a day for thirty days, and he entered upon his new experiment with perfect confidence of success. Since then about four o'clock every afternoon he has sat down to his monotonous repast, which he persists in declaring is exceedingly agreeable. He is carefully timed, and is credited with having devoured his brace in as few as nine minutes, although his average comes nearer thirteen minutes. A crowd of horsemen watch him, and dispatches are sent to St. Louis and other distant points every day as soon as he begins to eat the birds. A large number of bets are pending upon the contest, and probably more people than would like to confess it await with some eagerness the daily published record of the progress of the experiment.

A PROBLEM IN PORK.

AROUND the object of interest—the prize hog—stand a set of men deeply, earnestly engrossed. Their bucolic brains are busy with arithmetical gymnastics. There is a question of vital interest at stake. Experience, combined with the natural gift of calculation, is brought into play, and "What is the weight of that hog?" oppresses every mind. Mark the faces! Mark the lines of deep thought! Mark the calm steadfastness of purpose! One idea pervades the assembly, and that idea must be worked to fruition. Cast your eyes around the assembly. See that Quaker farmer, thrusting his stick into the grunter's sides in order to induce the animal to move a little, this with a view to arriving at a nearer approximation of its weight. See those two men arguing knowingly, while the tall man takes it all in. See the worthy who seeks information through scratching his poll, and the gentleman who pulls at his cigar with a like purpose. See the two in the corner comparing notes in whispers! See the calm, contemplative gaze of the bearded man who is engaged in "getting it down fine," and the darkey who cannot focus his thoughts! It is a great psychological moment in the lives of that silent and thought-concentrated assembly.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A German Chemist has discovered that glue, when mixed with one-fourth part glycerine, is given an elasticity and a pliability which prevent its cracking when dry.

Careful Analysis of the London fogs, made by the Royal Society, show that they hold in suspension two and a half times the quantity of carbonic acid to be found in a clear atmosphere.

Dr. R. J. Gatling, of Hartford, the eminent inventor, has patented an arrangement by which he is enabled to fire his gun at any elevation. This is considered one of the most remarkable achievements of gunnery.

The Rate of Vibration of the rattlesnake's tail has been determined by Dr. Ott to be sixty per second. The method of experiment was to attach a pen to the snake's rattles, the record being received on a revolving drum.

An Italian named Conte has invented an artificial graphite of great purity. It is of the same density throughout, of a crystalline black, and with a metallic lustre. It is very durable, and is therefore considered suitable for electric lamps.

Dr. Quesneville recently stated before the Société d'Hygiène that he had preserved water potable for more than three years by adding to it half a grain of salicylic acid for each quart. It is recommended for use in expeditions in warm climates.

A London Dentist uses a small incandescent carbon lamp to illuminate the cavity of the mouth during dental operations. It is fitted into a vulcanite cup and covered for safety with a glass shade. The lamp is stated by the inventor, who freely offers its advantages to his fellow dentists, "to give a bright light just where it is needed, without producing undue heat."

The Electric Light is likely to render valuable service in submarine operations, as in examination of wrecks, etc. The apparatus giving the best results is that devised by M. Bazin. A powerful regulator is inclosed in a cylinder having a glass plate below and a reflector above, which gives bright illumination of a circular space at least thirty metres in diameter, but the light extends much further.

A German Journal says that a watch, with the case open, laid in a vessel and covered with benzine for about three hours, going mean while, will be perfectly cleaned after that time. The vessel should be covered with parchment paper, and before removing the watch should be lightly agitated. Afterwards, the watch should be laid again in benzine, to which a little petroleum oil has been added, to oil the works.

The Sand which is used in grinding glass plates, and so is mixed with glass-dust, is utilized by M. Motte, of Dampremy, near Charleroi, for the production of keramic ware, such as solid or hollow bricks, simple building stones, or ornamental stones. These products have great firmness, a pleasant, unalterable color, like that of French sandstone, and small specific gravity. They are produced by the ordinary method; the moistened sand can be easily molded.

Experimenting to determine the order in which the action of the various organs of the body ceases in asphyxia, M. Piot has concluded that the exact instant of death is very difficult to determine. The movements of respiration first cease to be apparent, then the beating of the heart becomes less frequent, the pupils of the eyes dilate excessively and the cornea becomes insensible; but these are only apparent signs of death, for after they have appeared in dogs the animals have been restored to life by artificial respiration.

M. Barthelemy Brunon, a distinguished French metallurgist, has made some new experiments on iron ore with very remarkable results. Thirty-two pounds weight of African iron ore was placed in fragments in a crucible. When the ore was heated to a red heat a reacting substance was added, and in three minutes the liquefaction of the ore was complete, the product obtained being pure iron. By means of this process a blast furnace will, it is said, turn out twenty-two tons of iron every fourteen minutes, instead of, as at present, twenty-two tons every twelve hours.

During the last six years the German Government has devoted much money to excavations in Olympia, between Patras and Pyrgos, under the direction of Professor Curtius and Mr. Adler, the Berlin architect. After long consideration it has been decided to build a museum in Olympia for the reception of the antiquities instead of removing them to Athens, and Professor Ziller, already well known from his connection with Dr. Schliemann's palatial residence and the Academy of Science in Athens, has selected a site and prepared a plan for the building, toward the construction of which a rich Greek named Syngros has given \$40,000.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

EX-SENATOR DORSEY has resigned the Secretaryship of the National Republican Committee.

It is announced that Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, declines to be a candidate for re-election in 1884.

A POPULAR subscription has been started in Paris for the erection there of a statue of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

OVER \$30,000 has been subscribed for an equestrian statue of the late General A. E. Burnside at Providence, R. I.

UNITED STATES SENATOR COKE, of Texas, has been re-elected for the full term of six years from March 4th next.

EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR SPENCER, who was wanted as a witness in the Star Route trials, left Canada last week for England.

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE has declined to accept a testimonial in acknowledgment of her services in relieving distress in Ireland.

MR. GLADSTONE left England for Cannes, France, last week, accompanied by his wife, daughter, and his son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone.

MR. ROBERTSON SMITH has accepted the Professorship of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, vacant by the death of Professor Palmer.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts gave this year a New Year's dinner to 800 of her tenants, and afterwards personally presented a gift to each one.

ARABI's wife did not accompany him to Ceylon, but is living in a Paris hotel, and intends soon to take up her residence permanently in the Champs Elysées.

ROSS R. WINANS, the Baltimore millionaire, and his family, had scarcely occupied their magnificent new residence when their only child, a beautiful little girl, died of smallpox.

MR. GEORGE DARWIN, son of the late Professor Charles R. Darwin, the evolutionist, has been elected Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy in Cambridge University.

MR. BLAINE has accepted an invitation of Commodore Jacobs to travel through the South in the Spring. The private packet *Blaine* will be used for the part of the journey which is made by sea.

JOHN WELLES HALLENBROCK, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., has presented \$50,000 to Lafayette College to endow the chair of the President. A similar gift was made by him to the college a few years ago.

THE statue erected at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich to the memory of the French Prince Imperial by the subscriptions of 25,000 officers and men of the British army, at a cost of \$4,310, was unveiled on the 13th instant by the Prince of Wales.

THE Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Germany have declined to receive any presents on the occasion of their silver wedding, and request the donors to expend the money they proposed thus using in alleviating the distress caused by the inundations.

CARL HENRY NIEHAUS, of Cincinnati, has been awarded the contract for the statue of Garfield which the State of Ohio is to place in Statuary Hall at the Capitol in Washington. The statue is to be a military figure, full size, and to be completed in six months.

JOHN BEAROUT, a rich farmer of Ashland, O., who is eighty-four years old, was married last week to Maria Sanders, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who is fifty years his junior, and immediately after the ceremony presented his bride with a paper which settled on her \$100,000 and a farm in Ohio.

THE Rev. George A. Gordon, of Greenwich, Ct., who has received a call to the pulpit of the Old South Church of Boston, declines to leave his little charge in Greenwich until he can find a satisfactory successor to continue his work. The Boston church feels sure of getting him, however, in time.

ON the day of the Immaculate Conception the Pope made his will. While in good health he wished to be ready for all eventualities. The testament has been consigned to the Deacon of the College of Apostolic Proto Notaries, and it is said that the Pope has left a great part of his property in furtherance of education.

MICHAEL ANGELO's picture, "The Virgin of the Lectors," has been sold by Morris Moore to Prince Lichtenstein, and is now in Vienna. There are in existence but four pictures by this great master, and but two which are finished compositions and of real reputable authority. The "Madonna of the Lectors" is, perhaps, the finest of the four.

THE remains of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," which were recently disinterred from their neglected grave at Tunis and started for this country, will remain in charge of the United States Consul at Marseilles, France, until the monument which Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington is to erect in Oak Hill Cemetery is completed.

ALICE MARGUERITE KING, a grandniece of the late William R. King (of Alabama) who was elected Vice-President of the United States in 1852, appeared at Selma a few evenings ago in "Mary Stuart," and made a great success. Her object is to raise funds for the erection of a monument to her uncle's memory. She goes on an extended Southern tour.

THE late William Galignani, proprietor of *Galignani's Messenger*, left 7,000 acres of land in the Boulevard Bineau, together with other property, renting for \$34,000 a year, for the establishment of a home for men of letters, librarians and printers over sixty years of age. The home will accommodate fifty persons who will pay \$100 a year, and fifty who will pay nothing.

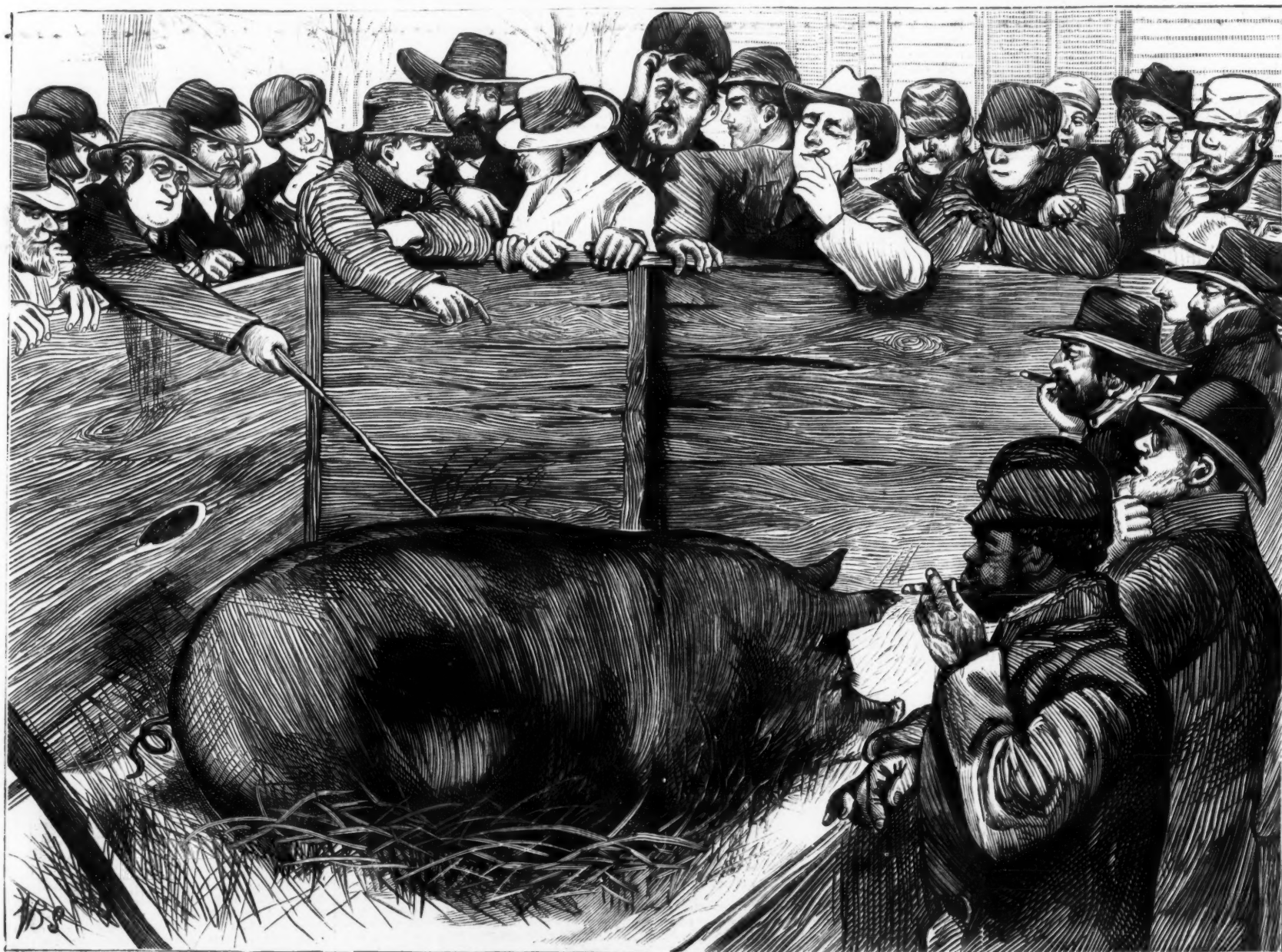
THE Senate Committee on Pensions has made a favorable report in the case of Mary J. Stover, daughter of the late President Andrew Johnson. She married a second time, and her name was then dropped from the rolls; but in view of her relationship the committee reports in favor of restoring her name and paying her a pension of \$30 per month, which she received before.

DR. SAMUEL A. MUDD, who served a term in the Dry Tortugas for harboring John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, and assisting him to escape, died recently at Bryansport, Md. He was sentenced to life imprisonment, but during a yellow fever epidemic at the Dry Tortugas he rendered such valuable services that, after a few years' confinement, he was pardoned by President Johnson.

THE timber on Mr. Parnell's estate is valued at \$75,000, and the entire 5,000 acres at a rental of from thirty shillings to two pounds an acre. Estimated at the former figure and allowing only fifteen years' purchase, the value of the estate in the market now ought to be \$560,000. He has, also, some good house property in Dublin, and unless his embarrassments are much more serious than has been stated, he is very comfortably off.



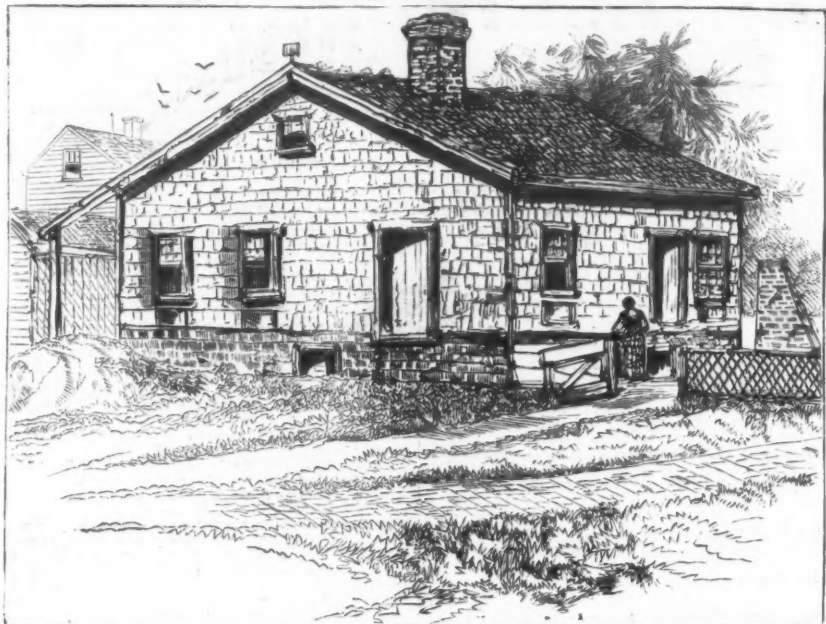
NEW YORK CITY.—AN AMBITIOUS GASTRONOMIST IN HIS ATTEMPT TO EAT A BRACE OF QUAIL A DAY FOR THIRTY CONSECUTIVE DAYS.—SEE PAGE 379.



CONNECTICUT.—A PROBLEM IN PORK—GUESSING THE WEIGHT OF THE PRIZE FIG.—SEE PAGE 379.

A HISTORIC RESIDENCE.

WILLIAM HOOPER, of whose homestead residence in Wilmington, N. C., we give an illustration, was in his day a conspicuous figure in the councils of the Old North State. He was born in Boston in 1742, graduated at Harvard College in



NORTH CAROLINA.—HOMESTEAD OF WM. HOOPER, A SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, AT WILMINGTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.

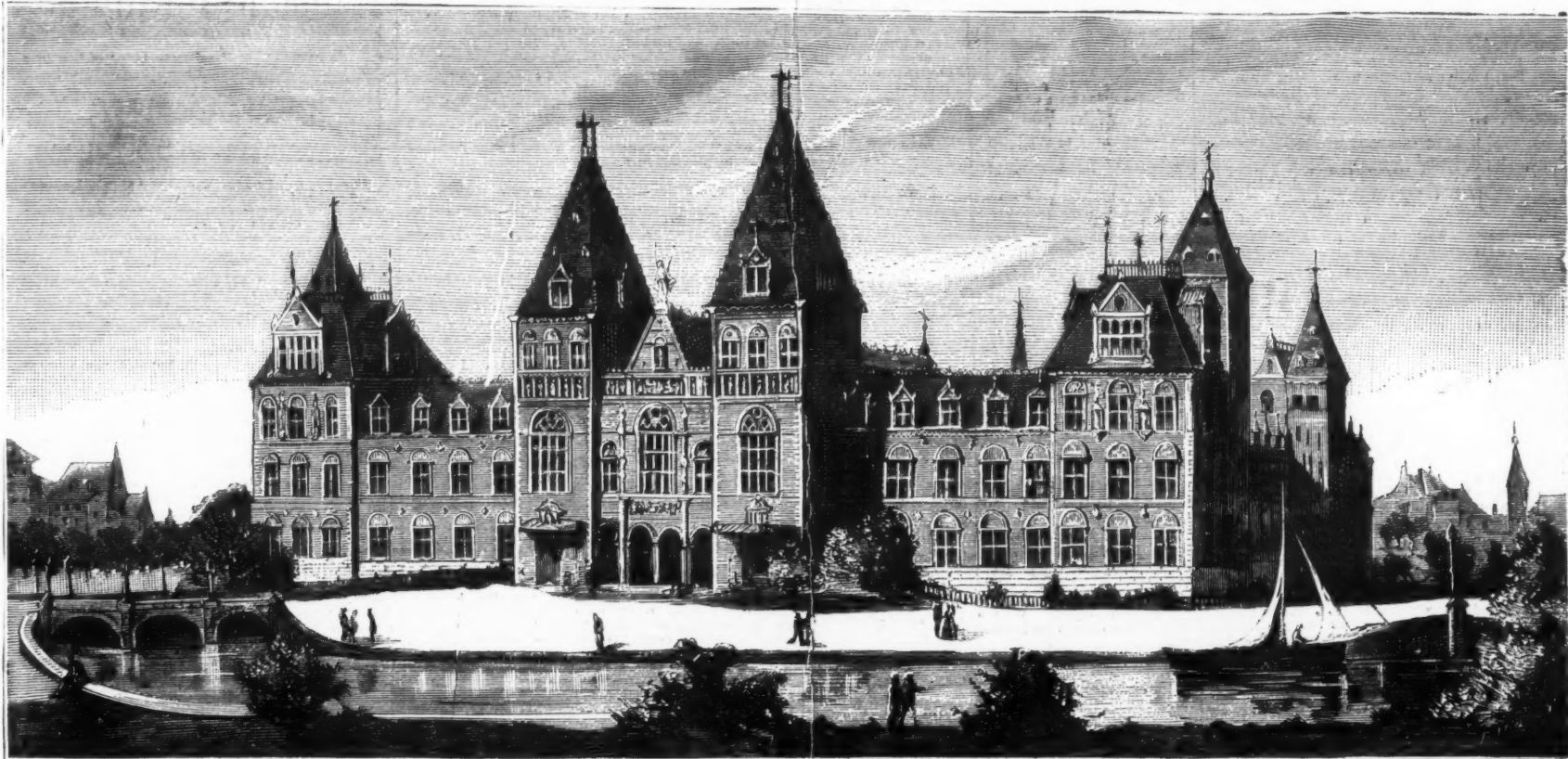
1760, studied law with James Otis, and in 1767 removed to Wilmington, where he soon rose to eminence. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress in 1775, was one of the signers of the "Immortal Declaration," and up to his death, which oc-

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT AMSTERDAM.

THE Holland International Exhibition, which will open at Amsterdam on the 1st of May next, is attracting a good deal of attention abroad, and if the expectations of its projectors are realized, will prove of great advantage to Dutch capital and enterprise. Being the first exhibition of the kind made by the Netherlands, special efforts are making to render it complete and attractive. The "palace," or main building, is 1,000 feet by 420; the building for colonial exhibits, 295 feet by 375; the hall for agricultural and miscellaneous exhibits, 1,667 feet by 100. There is an art gallery 667 feet by 100, and a museum 417 by 250. The usual features of an international exhibition are not lacking, such as restaurants for the various nationalities, a panorama, a concert hall, a theatre, an international café. The buildings are placed in gardens on the Hooft-straat, near a large canal; a smaller canal runs through the grounds and the main structure. Besides the buildings named, there are others scattered about the gardens for the use of American and other exhibits. The main entrance is between two fine quadrangles, which compose the museum. In view of the fact that Great Britain and France will make large exhibits of their peculiar industries, it is to be hoped that the exhibit from this country may be made as full and complete as possible.



ILLINOIS.—HON. SHELBY M. CULLOM, U. S. SENATOR-ELECT. FROM A PHOTO, BY DEANE.—SEE PAGE 379.

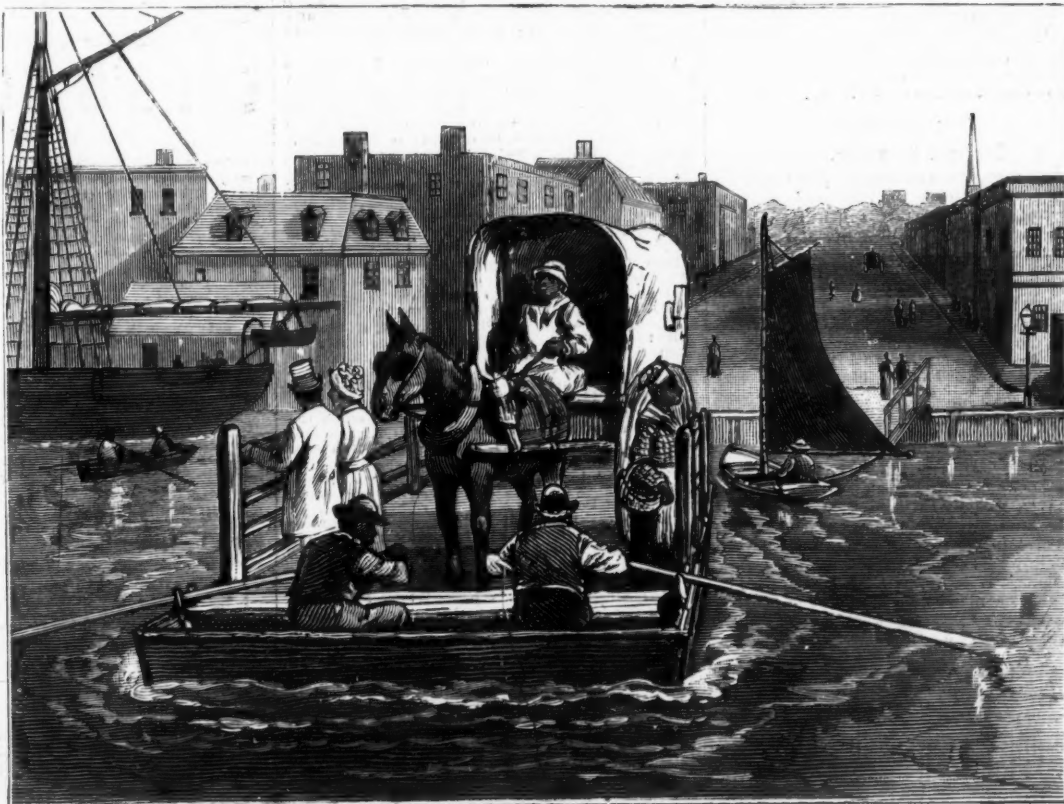


NETHERLANDS.—THE APPROACHING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT AMSTERDAM—EXTERIOR OF THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS.

curred in 1790, was among the foremost champions of the Continental cause. The residence occupied by him while a citizen of Wilmington is still an object of interest to visitors in that thriving city.



PENNSYLVANIA.—HON. JOHN E. REYBURN, PRESIDENT OF THE STATE SENATE. FROM A PHOTO, BY LEMER.—SEE PAGE 382.



NORTH CAROLINA.—THE BRUNSWICK FERRY OVER THE CAPE FEAR RIVER, AT WILMINGTON. FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 382.

Amsterdam is now one of the great emporiums of eastern Europe, and the exhibition will naturally be visited by merchants of all kinds from every European country. A better opportunity for a suitable representation of American industry and products could not be desired than will be offered at this exposition. Then, as has been remarked, sentimental considerations give to Holland a special interest to our people, and especially to New Yorkers. It founded New York State and maintained its energy. Of late years Dutch capital has sought investment here in all sorts of enterprises, and our financial and business relations with the Netherlands have become increasingly intimate. As showing the importance which the Government of the Netherlands attaches to trade with the United States, the fact may be recalled that it appropriated \$92,000 to enable its subjects to make the exhibit which they sent to Philadelphia in 1876. Our merchants and manufacturers, whatever Congress may do, should, by all means, see to it that our display at Amsterdam is worthy of the country and its advanced industrial position. The steamship lines to Holland will take freight for the exhibition at half rates. Goods are entered free of duty, and if sold at the exhibition are, in some cases, subject to a low tariff, which is seldom more than five per cent.

HON. JOHN E. REYBURN,

PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SENATE.

HON. JOHN E. REYBURN, President of the Pennsylvania Senate, is nearly thirty-eight years of age, having been born in Philadelphia, February 7th, 1845. Having acquired an academic education, he studied law, and in 1870 was admitted to the Bar. Early in his career he entered politics, and from his ability and force of character soon became prominent, being elected to the lower branch of the Legislature in 1870, and again in 1871, 1874, 1875 and 1876. In the last named year he was elected a member of the State Senate, and was re-elected at the end of his four years' term in 1880. In 1878 he was a formidable candidate against Hon. William D. Kelley for the Congressional nomination in the Fourth (Philadelphia) District, but the friends of the latter, by securing the control of the committee on contested seats, secured the renomination of their favorite by a vote of 86 to 69 for Mr. Reyburn. The aspirations of the latter, however, are not by any means abandoned and he may yet succeed to the seat of the present "Father of the House."

Mr. Reyburn has heretofore acted with the Cameron wing of his party, but his personal strength is much greater than that of "the machine," and he received the support, for President of the Senate, of a number of the Independent Republicans, who admired his integrity of character and believed that in the position for which he was named he would be able to contribute largely to a satisfactory adjustment of the differences which in the last campaign brought such serious disaster upon the party.

THE BRUNSWICK FERRY AT WILMINGTON, N. C.

WE give on page 381 an illustration of the Brunswick Ferry over Cape Fear River, at Wilmington, N.C. The ferry-boat is rowed across the river, which is there about one-quarter of a mile wide, and at times when the tide is strong, the negro boatmen are fully an hour in making the passage. The charges are high—passengers paying ten cents each, while for teams the rate is \$1.25.

An Historic Door-knocker.

THE original door-knocker, brought over in the Mayflower, which for several generations was upon the front door of the old Winslow House at Marshfield, still standing on the Webster farm, has lately come into the possession of the Rev. W. C. Winslow, of Boston, who will probably give it to the Webster Historical Society. "In 1850," says the Boston Transcript, "the Rev. Gordon Winslow, D. D., rector of St. Paul's, Staten Island, while on a visit to Mr. Webster, was presented by him with the interesting relic. It is inscribed, 'From Winslow House, Marshfield, Mass. Came in the Mayflower, 1620.' And on the rim or head to receive the blows of the hammer, the inscription runs, 'Presented by Daniel Webster to Dr. G. Winslow, Sept. 12th, 1850.' The door-knocker is of brass, but so incrustated with age that some Old Mortality will have to exercise considerable friction to bring back the original lustre, such as greeted the caller upon Governor Edward Winslow and Governor Josiah Winslow. Mr. Webster took great interest in the old mansion, which the builder and original owner named 'Carverswell,' and looked upon this relic as among the most valuable souvenirs of the Mayflower and the Pilgrimage. As will be remembered by some, the Webster tomb is in the Winslow burying-ground, near the tomb of Governor Josiah Winslow, whose coat-of-arms—the crest being a tree cut short but sprouting out, and motto, 'Decarptus Floreo'—are as clear and distinct as if put there but yesterday. The door-knocker has a Websterian as well as colonial interest, and comes publicly to light in a year when everything relating to Webster is eagerly sought after by the public."

Deafened by a Kiss.

A PRETTY young German girl recently presented herself at a clinic in one of the Vienna hospitals for examination, explaining that she had suddenly and unaccountably become deaf in one ear. One of the faculty began to question her as to the circumstances immediately attending the appearance of her deafness. After much hesitation, and with many blushes, the girl at last confessed that when her lover returned after a long absence he took her in his arms, and pressing his mouth to her ear, conferred upon that organ a most intense and vigorous kiss. At that instant she felt a sharp pain, and had been deaf ever since. The professor made an examination and found that the drum of the ear had actually been ruptured, and there is no reason to doubt that the kiss did it.

A Michigan Romance.

A ROMANCE recently came to light in which a Keel Ridge man, who was kidnapped when but a lad, was returned to his parents after an absence of nearly twenty years. The facts in the case, withholding names, are about as follows: The hero of the romance was playing on the dockage at Montreal nearly twenty years ago when he was stowed away in the hold of a vessel about to sail by the captain, who had taken a fancy to him. He remained with his kidnapper for some years, but was finally left to shift for himself. Becoming tired of the sea, he left a vessel while in New York Harbor and started for the West, settling finally at the Keel Ridge mine, where he has been in the employ of the mining company for some time. Some weeks since a family of emigrants left the train at Keel Ridge, and, being strangers and unacquainted with the English language, made inquiries as to the French families resident of the burg, and were directed to the house of the hero of our sketch, who granted their request for lodgings for the night. In the course of the ensuing evening the fact came to light

that the emigrants and their host were originally from the same portion of the Dominion. In the course of further conversation the host repeated the story of his kidnapping, and such of the incidents connected with the same as time had not effaced from his memory. Strange to relate, the family of emigrants had lost a son years ago, who had mysteriously disappeared, and had never been heard of since. The interest of both parties had been aroused, and further questioning resulted in developing the fact that the host of the emigrant family was the long-lost son, over whose loss so many tears had been shed, and who had been given up as lost forever. The joy of the aged parents over the recovery of their son, and of the son at being restored to the loved ones, cherished memory of whom he had retained through the long years of separation, can be imagined better than described.

How a Young Man Became a Millionaire.

ONE of the lucky young men of California is Mr. James V. Coleman, of Menlo Park, a graduate of Georgetown College, D. C., who was lately elected to the California Assembly, and, it is said, has Congressional aspirations, though only thirty-two years old. A few years ago he was clerk at a Nevada mine at \$100 a month. He was a nephew of William T. O'Brien, the bachelor bonanza king. During the last illness of his uncle, Jimmy nursed him, and was rewarded with a gift of \$500,000, in addition to \$300,000 bequeathed in his will. The uncle also made him executor of his estate, which yielded in fees \$464,000. The whole value of Uncle Billy's estate was a little over \$9,000,000. After the legacies were paid, the residue was turned over to Mr. O'Brien's two sisters—Mrs. Coleman ("Jimmy's" mother) and Mrs. Joseph McDonough. The two ladies inherited \$3,500,000 each.

Roman Catholic Arabs.

BEYOND the Jordan there is a tribe of Arabs who profess the Roman Catholic faith. The tribe moves, with herds of horses and cattle, from one pasture land to another, like the ancient patriarchs of Israel. An Italian priest has been living with these simple herdsmen for a number of years, and whenever they change their abode he goes with them. While the grown-up people tend their flocks, the priest teaches the children their duties towards God and man. Every year, about the time of Holy Week, this Arabian tribe pitches its tents on the banks of the Jordan, and its pastor enters Jerusalem on horseback, dressed like a Bedouin warrior, armed cap-a-pie as are also his followers, the chiefs of the tribe, for their Mohammedan neighbors are still raising their hand against every one, while every one's hand is against them. During his stay in the holy city the missionary stops at the "Ecce Homo" monastery, celebrates Holy Thursday and Good Friday with the Fathers, receives the holy oils, and on Saturday hastens back to his children in the wilderness to celebrate with them the festival of Easter.

THE second annual benefit of the Protective and Benevolent Order of Laid Elks will take place at Steinway Hall, on Thursday afternoon, February 22d (Washington's Birthday). The entertainment will be a grand concert by leading operatic talent, and will exceed in attraction all previous efforts of the association. The Committee of Arrangements are: Mme. R. Kellogg, Miss Carrie Barker, Mlle. Duxenne, Lisle Lester, and Mme. E. M. Coyle. Tickets, one dollar.

FUN.

TIME runs away under the spur of the moment. TURNING over a new leaf—Trying a new brand of cigars. THERE was too much folk for a shilling in Tennessee! DON'T despise a thing because it's little. A quarrel will hold more than most men. SAUER-KRAUT is never good until it is bad. That is, it must spoil before it is fit to eat. HISTORIANS say that Attila often dined on horseback. That's nothing. The Parisians go the whole animal. A CHICAGO editor publishes an editorial entitled: "How to do right." Why will people talk about matters they don't understand?

THE women who believe everything that servant-girls say of other families are the ones that don't expect any one to believe anything that their servants say of them. A PHILADELPHIA reporter who some time ago got a position on a patent outside weekly has been discharged as incompetent. He wrote up a quibbling bee and stupidly neglected to speak of it as "a recherché affair."

OUT West they have got to calling every amusement hall an opera-house. This is about as bad as the East, where, scattering a little sawdust and some cigar-stubs on the floor, changes a saloon into a beer garden.

A ONE-LEGGED Yankee orator named Jones was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him: "How did you come to lose your leg?" "Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree and looking up my descent I found there was some Irish blood in me, and becoming convinced that it had settled in that left leg I had it cut off at once." "Be the powers," said Pat, "it would have been a better thing if it had settled in your head."

A CLERGYMAN'S SORE THROAT.

THIS disease, which has during the past twenty or thirty years abridged or entirely closed the ministerial usefulness of so many clergymen, has rarely found successful treatment under any of the old systems of medicine. The following from Rev. J. B. Pratt, of Madison, Wisconsin (late Assistant State Superintendent of Wisconsin), shows how promptly, in his case, this disease yielded to the action of Compound Oxygen. He says: "I had been troubled many years with 'Clergyman's Sore Throat,' and after a severe attack of influenza, the upper part of the lungs was left very tender and irritable, and I was obliged to desist entirely from using my voice in public service. After a two months' trial of the Compound Oxygen, I found myself, to my surprise and gratification, able to go through full services again, not only without any trouble, but with little fatigue. Three months' use of the remedy restored my voice and lungs completely, and greatly improved my general health. I feel it my duty, therefore, to bear testimony to its good effects. I have waited for time to test the permanence of the benefits received, and can say that during the past severe winter I have been entirely free from colds, and in better general health than for many years; am 65 years of age." Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action and results, with reports of cases and full information sent free. DR. STARKLEY & FALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"I AM trying to break myself of slang phrases," said the Centralville girl, "and have been for some time. But actually I used the word 'racket' to-day before I thought, and I'm so ashamed of myself. You won't give it a way, will you?"

NOTE.—Be suspicious of persons who recommend any other article as "just as good," and take nothing else but DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.

CATARRH



SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE,
The Great American Balsamic Distillation of Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canadian Fir, Marigold, Clover Blossom, etc., For the Immediate Relief and Permanent Cure of every form of Catarrh, from a Simple Head Cold or Influenza to the Loss of Smell, Taste, and Hearing, Cough, Bronchitis, and Incipient Consumption. Relief in five minutes in any and every case. Nothing like it. Grateful, fragrant, wholesome. Cure begins from first application, and is rapid, radical, permanent, and never failing.
One bottle Radical Cure, one Box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package, of all druggists for \$1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN SICK HEADACHE.

DR. N. S. READ, Chicago, says: "I think it is a remedy of the highest value in many forms of mental and nervous exhaustion, attended by sick headache, dyspepsia and diminished vitality."

ANGOSTURA BITTERS is known as the great regulator of the digestive organs all over the world. Have it in your houses. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

It was an Irish pilot who, being asked if he knew the rocks in the harbor, replied, with confidence: "I do, yer honor, I'vey wan av them. That's wan," he added, calmly, as the ship struck it, filled, and sank.

CASWELL, MASSEY & CO.'S EFFERVESCENT GRAPE SALINE purifies the blood and regulates the bowels. 1,121 Broadway and 678 5th Ave. 75c. per bottle.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE,

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST HAIR DRESSING. It kills dandruff, allays irritation and promotes a vigorous growth of the hair. BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.

"THE Pendleton Civil Service Bill has passed," remarked Mr. Wigglesworth, from the interior of his paper. "Well, I'm glad of that," said his wife; "and now I hope our hired girl will have a little more manners."

BREAKFAST COCOA, as a beverage, is universally conceded superior to all other drinks for the weary man of business or the more robust laborer. The preparations of WALTER BAKER & CO. have long been the standard of merit in this line, and our readers who purchase "Baker's Breakfast Cocoa" will find it a most healthful, delicious and invigorating beverage.

HEGEMAN'S GASTRICINE,

A Specific for Dyspepsia. Sold by all Druggists, 25 cts. per box. Sent by mail. J. N. HEGEMAN & CO., Broadway, cor. 8th St., N. Y.

"Use Redding's Russia Salve."

HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE—The great relish for soups, fish, gravies, meats, etc.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½ lb. and 1 lb.) labeled.

JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, London, England.

GOLDEN HAIR WASH

THE BEST IN THE WORLD
\$1.00 per BOTTLE, 50c. for 50c.
R. T. BELLCHAMBERS.
Importer of fine Human Hair Goods.
No. 817 N. 4th St. NEW YORK.

Illustrated Catalogue. Photograph and Lecture. 10c.
MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS
HARBAUGH ORGANINA CO., 609 FILBERT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Lincoln Reads a Poem.

Honest Old Abe Entertains his Cabinet with a Little Quotation.

"Now, gentlemen, you all have more or less poetry in your souls; listen to this," and Abraham Lincoln, then President, rose from his chair, in his office in the White House, and read, in trembling tones, which indicated his own profound appreciation of it, Dr. O. W. Holmes' "Last Leaf," of which the following are two verses:

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down;
Not a better man was found
By the crier in his round
Through the town."

"Now the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been hushed for many a year
On the tomb."

Mr. Michael Guilfoyle, of Binghamton, N. Y., is not as old as the venerable Boston citizen of whom the poet wrote with such tender pathos, yet he is more than three score and ten. "For the past eight of those years," he writes, "I have been a perfect cripple from rheumatism, hobbling about as best I could with my cane. I took PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, and am now supple and strong as a gymnast. There is no trace of the disease left about me."

Mr. R. W. Mosher, Wholesale Druggist, of Binghamton, writes Messrs. H. Cox & Co., of New York—Proprietors of Tonic—certifying to Mr. Guilfoyle's declaration.

Having all the properties of any preparation of ginger, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is a remedy of infinitely greater range and power. It cures all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood or imperfect digestion. Dyspepsia (and all its consequences), Malarial Fevers, Sick Headache, Kidney troubles, Bronchitis, and common Coughs and Colds, vanish at its touch. Prices, 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Larger size the cheaper.

DISEASE CURED OR NO CHARGE MADE

No matter what the disease is, or of how long standing, we will guarantee a cure, and WITHOUT MEDICINE.

"WILSONIA"

Magnetic Appliances.

Have cured, in 90 cases out of 100, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, disease of the Liver and Kidneys, Piles, Locomotor Ataxia, Paralysis, Spinal Diseases, Tumors, Sleeplessness, Nervous Debility and all diseases of the Nervous System, Chronic Diarrhoea, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, etc. Thousands to-day are rejoicing in REGAINED HEALTH through "WILSONIA." By the peculiar construction of our Appliances, mild, continuous magnetic currents are conveyed to the blood, which, in every person out of health, is DEFICIENT IN MAGNETISM. Thus the nerves receive tone, the muscles are strengthened, the whole system is regenerated, and the individual is made to feel ten or twenty years younger.

TWO YEARS' EXPERIENCE has proved the "WILSONIA" method to be the most successful ever employed for the cure of disease. Because of this success, unprincipled persons have attempted to deceive the public by imitating the appearance of our Appliances.

Beware of THESE IMITATIONS. They are worthless, and those who buy them will throw away their money. See that "WILSONIA" is stamped on each Appliance.

OUR CELEBRATED MAGNETIC INSOLES

Will keep the feet always comfortably warm. They are worth one hundred times their cost in preventing cold feet. Price \$1.50 per pair. Free by mail. In order, give size of shoe. Beware of a cheap and worthless imitation not being offered, which contains no magnetism. We will give a WRITTEN GUARANTEE to each purchaser. NO CURE, NO PAY. Reference, by permission: National Park Bank, N. Y. In writing, give symptoms in full.

Send for Pamphlet, with price-list, etc., and particulars regarding guarantee.

WILSONIA MAGNETIC CLOTHING CO.,
25 East 14th St. (near B'way), New York,
465 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

Agents wanted in all cities where we are not represented. Liberal discount to the right men.

SEND Five 3c. stamps for beautiful set of Imported Cards. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

NO MORE RHEUMATISM GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES.

The celebrated French Saliarylates, only harmless specifics scientifically acknowledged, relieve at once; cure within four days. Box, \$1, postpaid. Beware! the genuine has red seal and signature of L. A. PARIS & Co., only agents for the U. S. Send stamp for pamphlet and references. Authentic proofs furnished at office. 104 West Fourteenth Street, New York.

Fig. A Prize Medal. C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Vienna, 1873. Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St. and Vienna. Saw meerschaum and amber for sale.

PENSIONS

For Soldiers' Widows, Parents, Children, Any disease, wound, injury or death entitled. Increases bounty; back pay; discharges procured. Desertion removed. All dues paid. New Laws. Fee, \$10. Send stamp for instructions. N. W. FITZGERALD & Co., Pen. Attys, Washington, D. C.

BIC GUARANTEED AT HOME. ADDRESS J. E. SHEPARD & CO., CINCINNATI, O.

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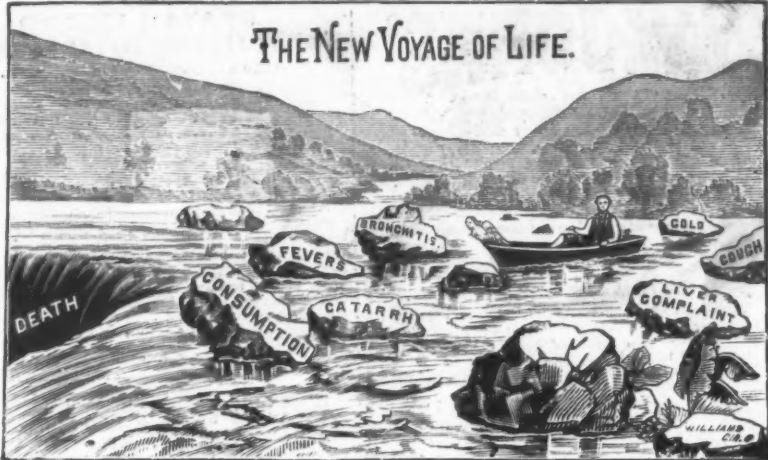
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